is nixon dead? • if america were only no. 2

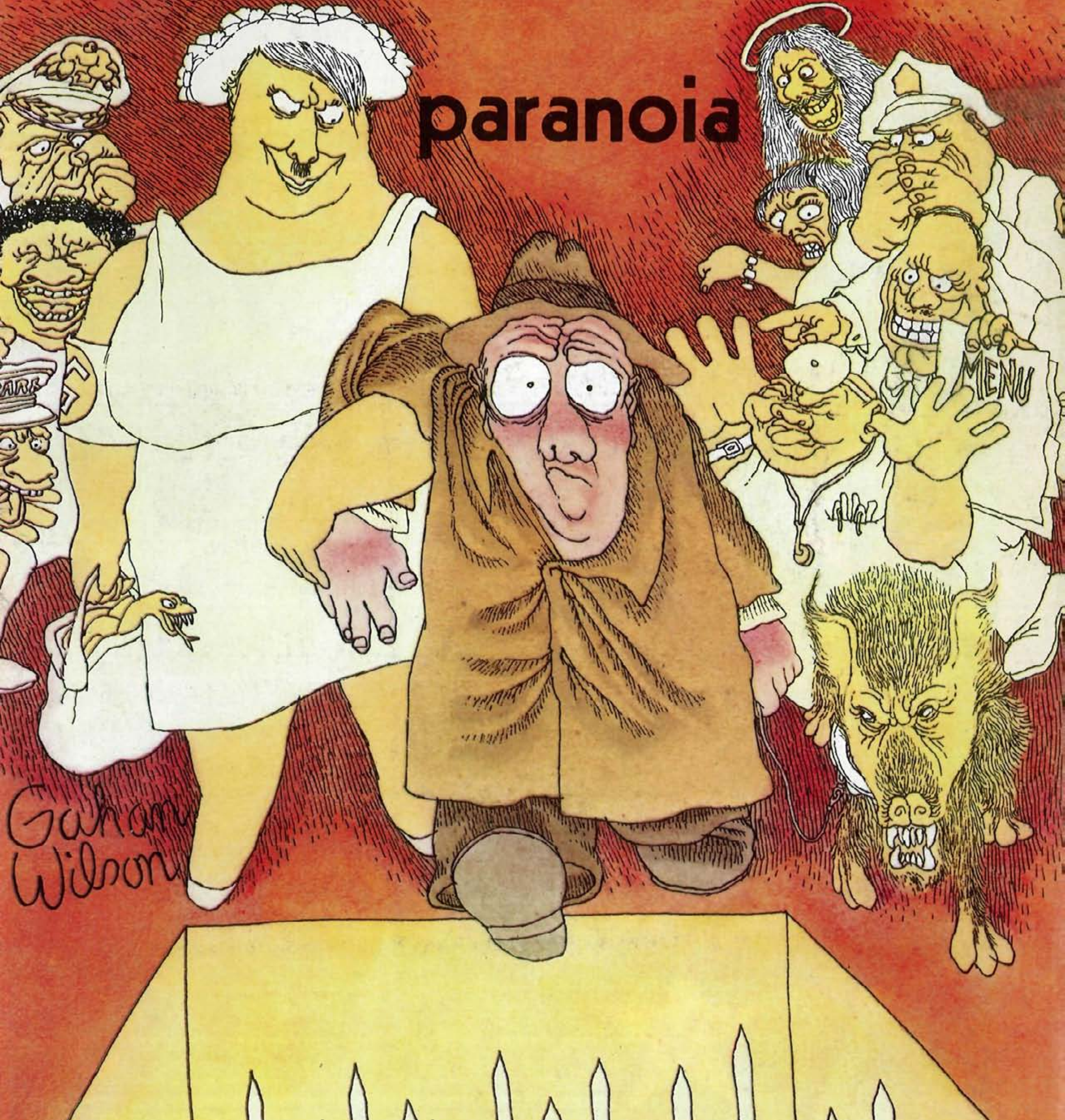
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paranoia



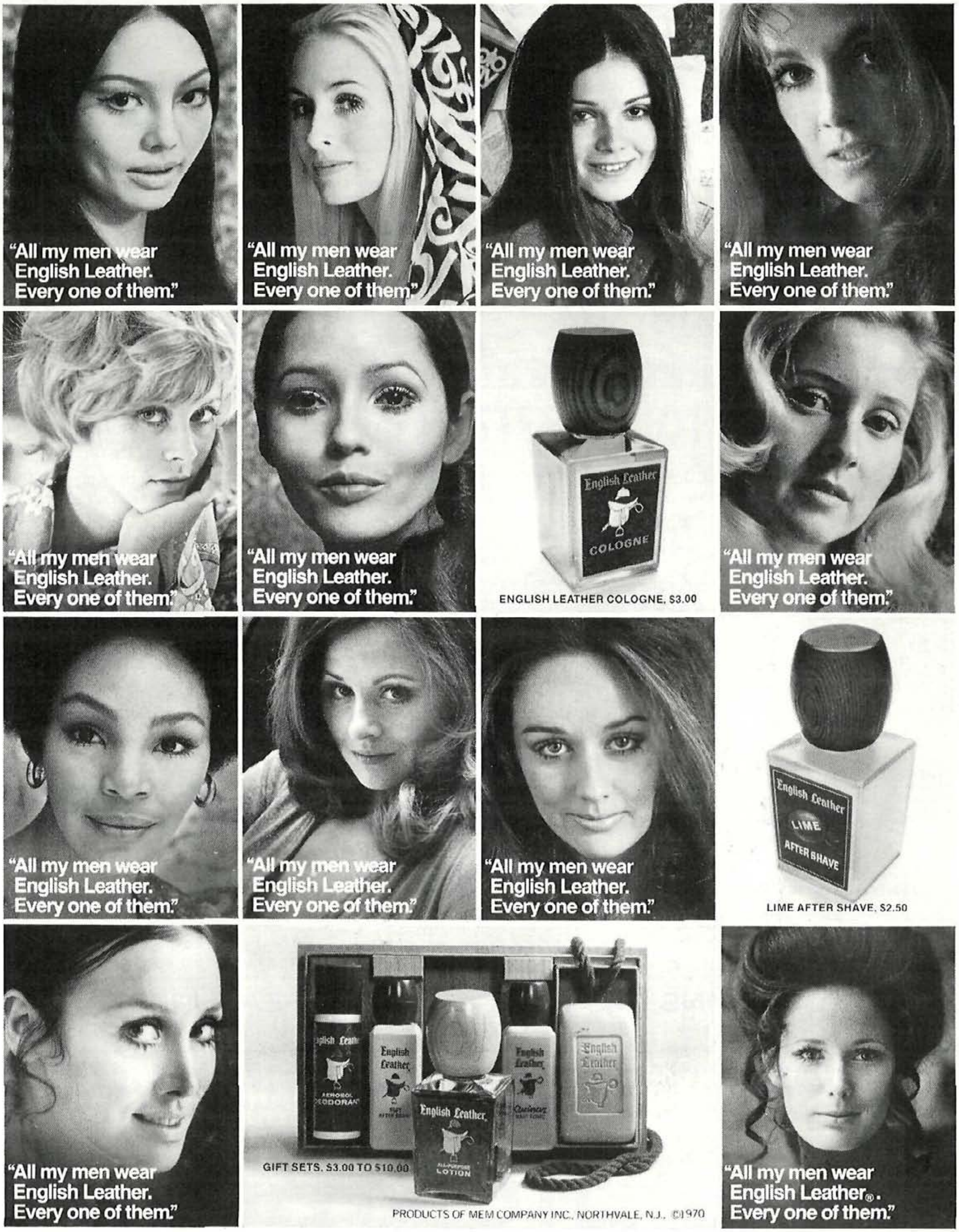
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Don't be afraid to try it.

As the world of music becomes more and more permeated by the plastic and imitation plastic, it is refreshing to listen to the unique "clear, cool, cowboy soul," from America's paramount proletarian poet. — Michael Ochs



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Vol. 1, No. 5

Contents

August, 1970

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $6.95 paid annual subscription, $11.50 paid two-year subscription, and $15.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for Foreign. Second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Managing Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted. If they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

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MORE MUSIC?

WHO'S KIDDING WHO!

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If It's Not For The Music?

WCBS/FM STEREO 101

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

—LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—

In these days of domestic heebie-jeebies and international hot-and-cold running robbies, it is rare that any good news crops up at all. This month's cheerful earful comes with the report of the apprehension and arrest of Dr. Rudolf Ersatz, long-sought Nazi war criminal responsible for the development and breeding of the Third Reich's vicious police dogs.

During his 25 years in hiding, reports reveal, the deranged Dr. Ersatz had been raising and training literally thousands of the most ferocious attack dogs known to man. Foraying across the United States from his extensive underground kennels in Mexico City, Dr. Ersatz has been secretly setting these savage beasts (fully capable of reducing a steer to 800 pounds of ground beef in minutes) loose in every major metropolitan area. These yellow-fanged killers are even now skulking in the shadows of every American city, from Los Angeles to Boston, poised to lunge at and maul any unsuspecting victim who unwittingly utters the one-word command. Until these man-eating dogs are finally rounded up, all citizens are assured that they can be triggered into their berserk frenzy by only a single word. If the cautious city dweller refrains from uttering this single word, he will be in absolutely no danger.

That word, by the way, is "taxi."

—DCK

—THE COVER—

A neurosis by any other name would smell as sweet, and no other graphic artist can match Gahan Wilson in the sniffing and scratching out of the unspeakable. Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean someone *isn't* following you. . . . □



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We may tell you more about yourself than you care to know.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is about your hopes. Your fears. Your potentialities. And what science has learned about them.

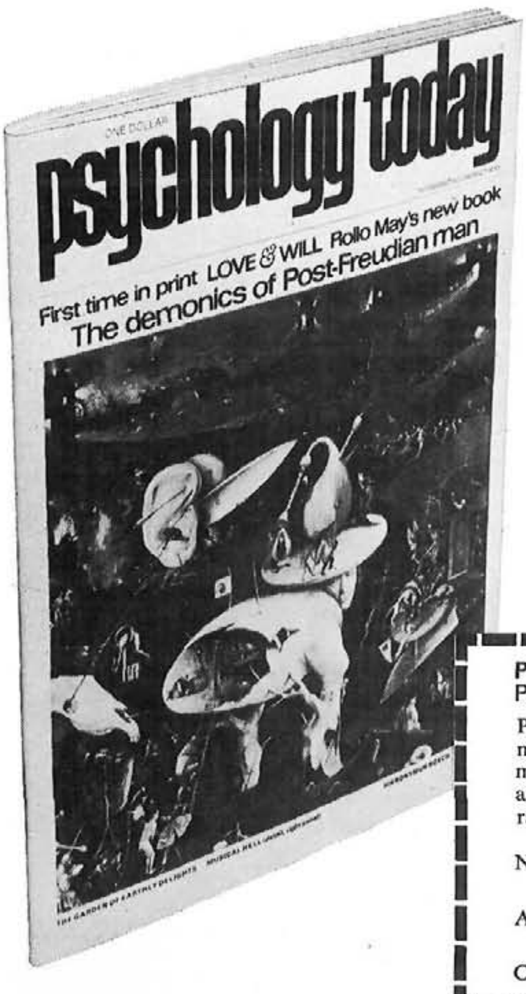
Every month, you'll read in its pages what the world's foremost authorities have to say about the human condition. Men like B. F. Skinner. Rollo May. Ashley Montagu. David Riesman. Bruno Bettelheim. These behavioral scientists explain their latest discoveries in clear, straightforward language, without oversimplifications or pseudo-profundities.

Some of their findings are reassuring. Some are alarming. Some just plain fascinating. All of them are a giant step ahead of the kind of psychology you may have picked up in school. Or from your friends who are in analysis.

Where psychological writing all too often tends to narrow the possibilities—reducing almost every impulse to oedipal complexes, guilt feelings or sexual hang-ups—PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has just the opposite attitude. It sees the behavioral sciences as enlarging our possibilities... as endlessly multiplying the choices open to us. Instead of seeing men and women in black and white, PSYCHOLOGY TODAY finds human behavior encouragingly colorful.

In its graphics, PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a splendid gallery of all the things we've lately learned about the mysteries of perception. Each issue is a visual adventure... an uninhibited collaboration between science and art. Many issues include revealing tests, visual experiments and fold-out games.

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- Does ESP Exist?
- Learning Under Drugs
- Is Suicide a Human Right?
- Are Leaders Made or Born?
- Impulse, Aggression & the Gun
- Homosexuality Reconsidered
- The Sickness of Corporations
- Hiding from Big Brother
- Adult Play Therapy
- Love and Will
- The Mentally Retarded Child
- Is Man a Machine?
- The Nudity Explosion
- Who Will Help in a Crisis?
- Dangers of Group Therapy
- Are I.Q. Tests Intelligent?
- Memory's Molecular Maze
- Can We Immunize the Weak?
- Nudity in Group Therapy
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- The White Race and Its Heroes
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Letters

Sirs:

Every day, more than 5,000 Americans die. Some die in household accidents, some in auto accidents, and a large majority perish behind the anonymous doors of their local hospitals. Faced with these cold statistics, most Americans simply ignore death altogether, hoping that they will somehow be immune to this mortal inevitability. They are driven to fantasy through fear.

How silly. Death, like life, is but another experience, another port of call in the grand journey of existence. Some go first class, some go economy, but we all go. We must remember that there is much to be learned from death, things of interest to those still living. As soon as I finish this letter, I'm going to fill the roasting pan with water, step into it barefoot and stick my thumb into the light socket.

I'll fill you in on the details when I get back.

Katherine Peterson
Siasconset, Mass.

Sirs:

I just saw Mike Wadleigh's *Woodstock* at the thee-ay-ter, and boy, am I honked off. I mean, the flick was hyped to be some sort of love trip with a lot of heavy tunes and thousands of people just smoking in the rain and generally grooving, but what did we get? Crap is what we got. I sat in the front row with my sugar, really stoned out of our minds, if you know what I mean, trying to dig it.

Instead of a groovy trip, it turns out to be a real bummer of a flick about Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin screwing around in some U.S. cavalry uniforms with Sammy Davis Jr. making like some Hollywood Steppin Fetchit. Then there's that plastic creep Peter Lawford with his Woolworth's English accent who just sort of screws around with the rest of them for a couple of hours. Crap is what it was.

It wasn't until after the flick was over that I realized that we weren't in the thee-ay-ter at all but still in my parents' living room watching the old boob tube. Wow, can you dig it? It really turned my head around.

Richard Goldstein
Lake Forest, Ill.

Sirs:

Can love change the stars? I hope so, because there is this really dreamy guy at the office in billing, which is two doors away from the steno pool, and every time he walks by, I just get all rumbly and sloppy inside. He's 6 feet tall with blue eyes and he wears the dreamiest clothes. Like one day he'll wear a brown sport jacket with green slacks and a marvelous necktie with these red and blue stripes on it. The next day, he's liable to show up with a green sport jacket and brown slacks and have a yellow tie with simply millions of little squares on it. There's never any telling what he'll do next. I guess that's why I love him, though I'm afraid to tell him so. You see, I'm a Pisces and Jerry (that's not his real name, of course, it's really Fred Newberry) is a homosexual and he says we could never get along. Do you think he's right? (I once steadily dated a guy who was a Cancer and we got along fine until he said he wasn't a Cancer he just *had* cancer, and of course he wasn't much fun after a few months.)

What's a working girl going to do?

Veronica Lodge
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

I hope you will print this open letter to my child:

> Dearest Sidney: Wherever you are now, I hope you will read this plea from your loving mother. Your father (who really loves you very much, too) and I are heartbroken that you ran away from home last month. We were wrong to threaten you with the police when we caught you and your good-for-nothing friends smoking pot in the rumpus room, and we're very, very sorry. Please come back, and we'll promise never to bother you and your good-for-nothing friends again.
>
> Remember, your father and I *love you very much.*

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for helping a heartbroken mother.

Nelson Davidson
Federal Narcotics Bureau
Washington, D.C.



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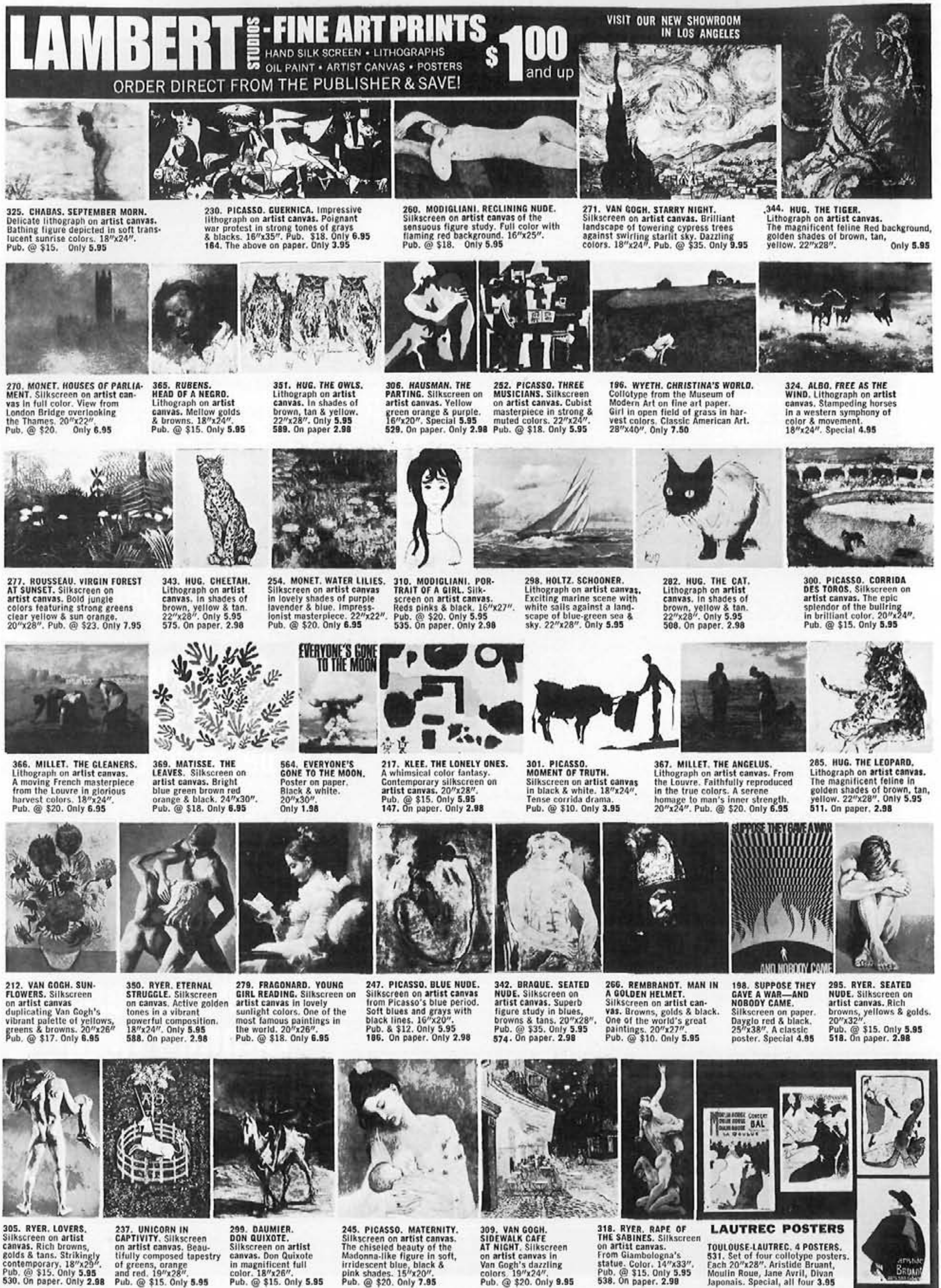
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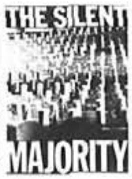
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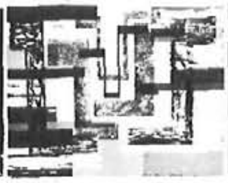
287. PICASSO. THE TRAGEDY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Touching the depth of man's despair. From the blue period. 17"x26". Only 2.98 512. On paper. Only 1.00



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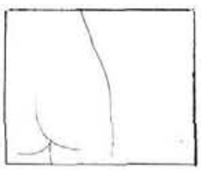
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265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of bright flowers. 18"x24" .Pub. @ $25. Only $7.95



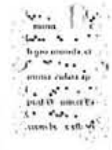
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Horrorscope

Theaceomancy (the a se o man' se) n.; L. theacea. *Method of predicting the future through the study of brewed tea leaves.*

August 1, 1970 (*Salada*) Boat-rock doyen **Paul McCartney** announces release of second one-man album. Illustrated with interesting snapshots by wife, Linda Eastman, album records verbal admissions by John, George and Ringo that Paul was real genius behind Beatles's success. McCartney virtuosically impersonates all voice tracks.

August 2, 1970 (*Tetley*) Colorful Canadian Prime Minister **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** and politically ambitious talk show host **David Frost** agree to trade jobs. Both acts immediately slated for cancellation at end of season.

August 5, 1970 (*Lipton*) Tragedy strikes 400 international jet setters when all-night gala ball in transatlantic Boeing 747 marred by collision with gate-crashing flock of seagulls. All aboard lost except host **Truman Capote**, found miraculously unharmed despite lack of parachute.

August 11, 1970 (*Orange Pekoe*) Superscientific sexologists **Dr. William H. Masters** and **Mrs. Virginia Johnson** awarded Medal of Freedom by President Nixon before a dubious audience for biological "discovery" indicating sexual superiority of members of Republican party.

August 15, 1970 (*Lapsang Suchong*) Adenoidal heir apparent **Prince Charles** shocks British public by renouncing claim to throne to "marry commoner." Despite efforts to suppress fiancée's identity, Royal Family finally discloses commoner to be Profumo playmate Christine Keeler.

August 18, 1970 (*Oolong*) Filmore Auditorium in San Francisco gutted by fire and riot after pop poet **Richard Brautigan** impishly removes false moustache and wig at public reading to reveal himself as not-so-where-it's-at rhymester Rod McKuen.

August 18, 1970 (*Tepid*) In international Communist conference held in Cuba, drugstore provo **Jerry Rubin** makes surprise guest appearance to explain personal revolutionary philosophy. After Rubin's rambling, incoherent speech, Fidel Castro gives Rubin gift certificate to popular Havana ice cream parlor and sends U.S. Government letter of sympathy.

August 22, 1970 (*Iced*) Denying charges that recent Chicago police shooting raid on suspected Black Panther arsenal which resulted in the death of 27 was unjustified, Mayor **Richard Joseph Daley** publicly displays Panther armaments, including deadly razor-sharp fragments of window glass, hundreds of lead pellets capable of serious injury if launched from powerful slingshots, and a Molotov cocktail "factory" stocked with several Coke bottles, yards of bed sheets suitable for fuses and a 1963 Buick with its gasoline tank ominously full.

August 25, 1970 (*Crumpets*) Perennial cinematic ingenue **Ali McGraw** signs contract for film treating the rise to stardom of a vapid and untalented fashion model through the use of expert promotion, gratuitous nudity and soft-focus camera work. Hints script wrested away from annoyed contenders Katharine Ross and Jacqueline Bisset.

August 29, 1970 (*Sympathy*) Following lead of feminine hygiene spray commercials by TV cutie **Dorothy Provine,** a large importer of Japanese rubber novelties announces plans for national advertising campaign featuring the personal testimonials of Shelley Winters, Rex Reed and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

August 31, 1970 (*Artificially Sweetened*) Asked on national television whether he will be a candidate for the presidency in 1976, Massachusetts **Senator Ted Kennedy** quips, "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it." Startled, reporters listen openmouthed as he further states that the present administration is "in over its head" and is now involved in a "sink or swim" political situation. Fearing that the country may be "going down for the third time," Kennedy accuses Nixon of "treading water" on domestic issues while being "all at sea" on the international scene. In response, Vice-President Agnew terms the Senator's speech "all wet." □

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READING MATTER

By STAN MACK



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Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Let Them Eat Eskimo Pie

Dear Diary,

My, what a busy day today has been! This is the first minute I've had to myself all day, and I'm honestly so worn out I think I'll have to ask Spiggy to cancel our weekly Scrabble game with Binky and Jo-jo Mitchell. Spiggy will be disappointed, I know, because he's been practicing up all week with those *Word Power* books, and just last night he called Hank Kissinger to find what Walter Cronkite meant by the word "agitprop." (It means something about hippies.)

Well, getting back to my day. . . . It really started last month when Pat phoned to ask if I could help her with an ice-cream party she and little Trish were giving for some local poor children. Pat does a lot of volunteer work for worthy causes like the Girl Scouts and poor people, and she said this would also help Dick keep Wally Hickel in his place after all those snide remarks he's been making to the reporters lately.

I said I'd be happy to do my bit to organize things. I mostly did the decorations for the White House lawn. I showed Trish how to make carnations out of tissue paper and we spent the whole of yesterday making them and chatting about this and that, although Trish's attention seems to wander quite a bit for a 24-year-old. Pat got the Arena Theater people to do a little skit for the children, and she expressly told them not to make it "way out." Trish had the chef reserve 400 ice-cream bars and Ron Ziegler said he'd try to dig up some paper hats and streamers and things after he got through notifying the press about the party.

Well, this morning Pat called up in a real tizzy. She said that the Arena people had planned to do some sort of fairy tale that was really about Vietnam and she had to cancel the entertainment then and there. I said not to worry, just have Dick put Dan Moynihan in charge of it. He's very theatrical, after all. Pat said okay and I said I'd be there at 2 to pour the punch.

Well, I got there a little late (I had to help Spiggy find the *Thesaurus* for the game tonight), and Pat was looking very nervous, the way she does when things go wrong. Dan couldn't find anybody to entertain and was trying to make a clown suit out of a White House guard uniform, and the poor children hadn't arrived yet because all the school buses were being used to protect the Smithsonian from a hippie demonstration. Then Trish ran up in tears and said that the party was supposed to have started a half hour ago and all the Eskimo Pies were turning into soup. On top of everything else, Ron Ziegler came up and told Pat that the press was getting bored and he was running out of news leaks.

Dan, who actually looked very cute with his clown make-up, said he'd get his staff and borrow some limousines and find some poor children if we could keep the reporters there for a half hour and Trish ran off with some of her friends to get some more Popsicles from the People's Drug. Pat was getting very upset, the way she does.

Finally, Dan and his staff arrived with some poor children, but I realized almost immediately that they were pretty old, what with their sunglasses and beards and Afro haircuts, but Dan said that was the best he could do on such short notice. Pat said well, they'd have to do, because some of the reporters had already begun packing up.

Trish came back with the Popsicles and we all stood up as she led the Pledge of Allegiance, but most of the reporters were still loading their films, so we had to make the children stand up and say it again. They were grumbling so Dan came out and did some cute card tricks and sang some cute songs, but one of the children started throwing Popsicles and said he wanted more than five dollars to stay any longer, but I don't think anyone heard him, thank goodness. Anyway, the guards made him hush and Pat started the games, but the only game they wanted to play was pickle-in-the-middle, and Ron couldn't seem to get out of the middle and the boys were playing very roughly until the guards broke up the game entirely.

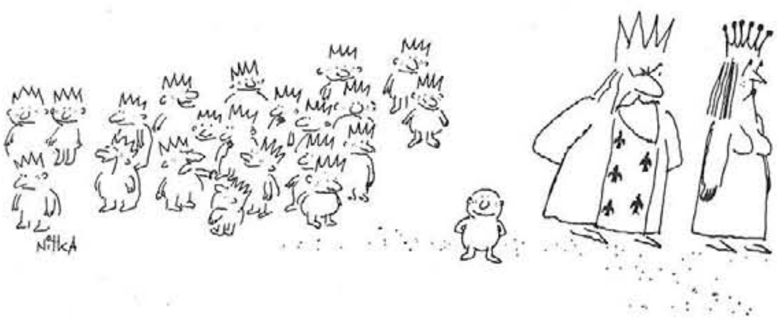
At that point, things started getting out of hand, and they had to chase some of the children out of the White House and a reporter started yelling that one of the children had stolen his tape recorder. Then Trish started crying and said a boy had said something simply awful to her. Sometimes I think Trish cries a great deal for a 24-year-old.

Well, the party seemed to pretty much break up after that, although the guards took a while to chase all the children out of the bushes and return all the cameras and things, so I told Pat not to worry because we could plan another party *next* month, but I don't think she heard me. She just sort of stared over my head and grinned that funny grin of hers, but she's that way because she's very high strung. (Spiggy says if Pat were any higher strung, she could get a job with Potomac Electric Power as a transformer.)

Oh, well, must run. Next time, dear Diary, I'll tell you what Dick said when he watched Walter Cronkite talk about the party that evening.

All for now,

Judy



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DISCOVER THE PLEASURES OF MANKIND

RASPUTIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION
by L. T. Heath
The many books written about the Siberian peasant-saint who became "tsar above the tsar" are allegedly full of invention and distortion, but the man himself, "Holy Devil" Grigori Efimovich Rasputin, companion of prostitutes and revered friends of the Emperor and Empress, did not have to be invented.

HISTORY OF HOME LAUNDRY
by Ronald Leal
Among the Aztecs of pre-Columbian Mexico and several other early American Indian societies, cleanliness was a matter of law. To go about unclean subjected one to the death penalty.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY
by Albert G. Hess
Juvenile misconduct throughout history indicates that there is probably less juvenile delinquency today than there was a century ago.

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Though they won but a single battle and wore uniforms for barely four months, Roosevelt's Rough Riders managed to put their trail boss in the gallery of super Presidents, and made the strangest, wildest, least wanted regiment in American military history the best remembered.

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When troops died due to an arrogant neglect of food, equipment, and medical supplies, there was seldom official concern. For the troops, regarded by England's great warrior, *the Duke of Wellington*, as "the scum of the earth," were taught to obey, not to question why. Their aristocratic officers, whose deeds of martial valor were chronicled in lusty sagas of blood and glory, were indifferent to their men and ruled with an imbecilic military code.

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by F. Gebhardt & M. Wilkinson
The Knights Templars were unequaled for fierce fighting in the Crusades—and emerged the richest bankers of the Middle Ages.

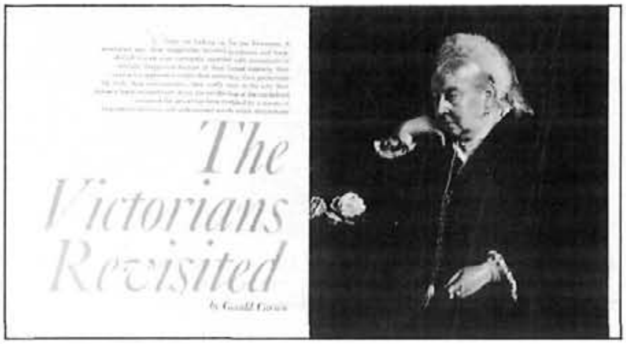
LORD BYRON'S GREECE
by Leon Joburg
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This is the story of an adventurous plan that failed, the magnificent idea of a great mine under the Confederate fortifications at Petersburg outside Richmond in the last year of the Civil War, of incredible courage and unbelievable stupidity, and of near disaster when the complicated project backfired in the greatest single explosion of the War.

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by Angela Stuart
On the morning of Feb. 21, 1916, the unceasing German bombardment struck without warning, and in the Bois de Ville sector of Verdun shells struck at a rate of forty each minute. By late afternoon, a German aviator reported: "It's done. We can pass, there's nothing living there anymore." Yet despite the terrible shelling, the city held in an almost mystical display of French **elan vital**, and the victory on the Western front the Germans expected did not come.

PRIMITIVE MEDICINE
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The fascinating story of medicine dates back millions of years, from prehistory to the Egyptians and early Indian magical rites.





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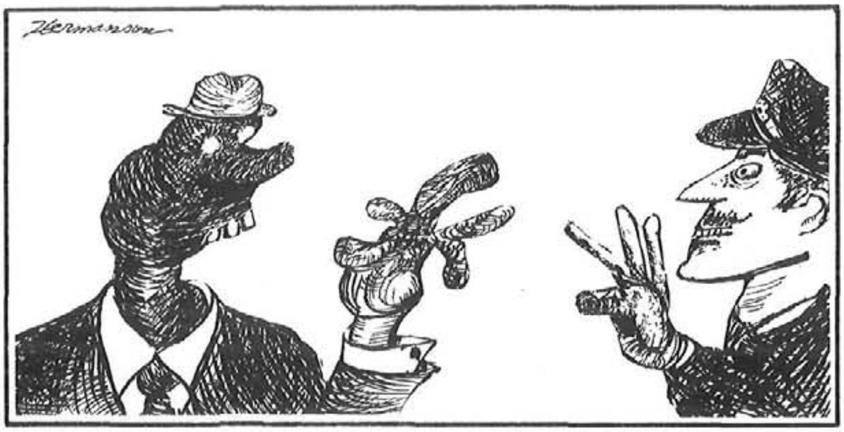
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My Heart's in the Highlands

By Robert Lasson and David Eynon

My Gizzard's in Spain



Time: *Soon enough.*

Place: *U.S. Passport Agency*

Passport Clerk: I'm afraid there's been a slight hitch in your application, Mr. Melange. A prior irregularity that –

Melange: But I declared that perfume last time!

Clerk: It's a little more basic than smuggling Chanel in Listerine bottles.

Melange: And I turned in those postcards . . .

Clerk: Mr. Melange, let's be direct. The problem starts with your liver.

Melange: But my new liver works great. Ever since the transplant –

Clerk: That may well be. However, I see you plan to attend the Bayreuth Festival.

Melange: There's a law against Wagner?

Clerk: No. But your liver is wanted for questioning by the Federal Republic of Germany. Their extradition treaty still has three years to run.

Melange: That idiot at the tissue bank told me that that liver came from a little old hausfrau!

Clerk: Did he tell you the little old hausfrau ran a little old concentration camp?

Melange: (*pauses*) Okay, scratch Germany. Now, could I have my passport, please? I'll go straight to Geneva.

Clerk: As you wish, homewrecker.

Melange: "Homewrecker"?

Clerk: The minute your foot touches Swiss soil, your left kidney's ex-wife is suing it for mental cruelty and desertion.

Melange: But they won't keep me out of Italy, will they? My stomach is codefendant in an auto accident case in Milan. In fact, I *bought* it right at the site of the accident. They auctioned off all usable parts. I got the driver's stomach and the Fiat's radio.

Clerk: Is it really worth traveling to Italy to settle a damage claim?

Melange: No, except my stomach has since inherited a tontine in Palermo – but only if we spend the money in Sicily. Besides, I want my stomach to revisit its humble origins.

Clerk: Well, I see no problem there. And you're still planning to travel to South Africa and back?

Melange: Mmm.

Clerk: By sea?

Melange: Certainly not. I'll fly Rome-Ankara, then over Saudi Arabia direct to Capetown.

Clerk: With those Jewish adrenals, I wouldn't advise that.

Melange: (*alarmed*) Do they show? I mean, I don't look Jewish, do I?

Clerk: Only when you sweat. And you'll be sweating over a thousand miles of Saudi Arabia, Mr. Melange. But tell me — don't you *feel* different? At odds with yourself?

Melange: Well . . . I've given up telling ethnic jokes, but otherwise –

Clerk: Do you get that tingling feeling in the pit of your stomach when the flag goes by?

Melange: Which flag? Which stomach?

Clerk: I see. Your guts aren't really behind your country, are they, Mr. Melange?

Melange: Listen, even George Washington had teeth made from walrus tusks and a British wig. What's the problem with my going to South Africa? My Haitian heart? They'll never know! And anyway, I'll watch those curfews. It'll be a snap.

Clerk: Good luck. Now, before you go, there's one final formality. Permission from your draft board to leave the –

Melange: *Draft* board? I'm 47 years *old*. I was in World War II!

Clerk: And on both sides, too. . . . However, your aggregate age, organwise, is now 24 – and your Selective Service office is three doors down on the left.

Melange: Oh, *no!*

Clerk: Oh, yes, *Private* Melange, but don't worry. Ten to one you'll be sent overseas anyway, right? Stiff upper lip, and let me wish all of you the best of luck. □

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New York is the greatest city in the world. It has to be, when you think of what people put up with, and even take in their stride to live here.

For instance, in the past couple of years alone, we've had a garbage strike, a tugboat strike, a teachers strike and a mail strike we shared with the rest of the country.

And if that's not enough, somebody's always digging up Third Avenue during the rush hour.

Subways break down. Commuter trains don't run. Not to mention the water mains that crack with fountainlike regularity.

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Confessions of an Insurance Man

By Christopher Rush

Get Out of Those Hands, Stop Talking to Statues, and Throw Away That Umbrella

I am sure that most young artists have had to suffer through lean times. During these periods of financial anemia, there is a great tendency to procure employment that is not congruent with one's nature or, to put it simply, to take a job that is a pain in the ass.

About a year ago, I found myself in such a position. I had grown tired of stealing Cracker Jacks from pigeons and was absolutely depressed at the thought of my coming Thanksgiving feast consisting of a bouillon cube with all the trimmings. It was at this desperate point that temptation crossed my path. I was loitering in my usual hangout, Filthy Phil's Coffee House and Orthodox Pagoda. A group of fellow artists and myself were discussing the lighter side of malnutrition when we were interrupted by a conservatively dressed stranger, who asked to see the proprietor. It was quite obvious he was some sort of salesman, and we were amused at his misfortune in picking Filthy Phil as a prospect. In general, Polish Buddhists are a thrifty lot and Filthy Phil was no exception. In fact, Phil was legendary in his cheapness. It seemed that one day, Phil discovered that a saltshaker was missing and he locked the door and submitted 15 customers to a rectal search. So wé held little hope for the salesman, no matter what he was pushing. What followed was astonishing.

When Phil appeared, the stranger began to speak in a deep, forceful voice that was truly Biblical. It was the kind of voice you would expect to come from a burning bush. I realized the stranger was an insurance man when I heard him tell Phil about a special health and disability policy designed especially for coffee house and pagoda owners. He followed with a deluge of frightening statistics that could have come only from a manic depressive computer. They ran something like this: 60% of all wounds caused by broken expresso cups become infected. . . . Constant manipulation of cash registers has been linked with cancer of the index finger, and, finally, Polish Buddhists have the highest known instance of terminal hemorrhoids.

The mighty Phil, "King of the Tightwads," grew weak under the barrage and finally, with a groan, fell on the dotted line. We were so overcome by the salesman's incredible achievement that we broke into a spontaneous chorus of *The Impossible Dream*. He bid us farewell in his prophet's voice and disappeared into the street. My mind was racing. If he could sell Filthy Phil, then I could sell the rest of the world! I left in hot pursuit.

I caught up with him in mid-block and wasted no time in expressing my desire to join the insurance game. He introduced himself as Al Jinksman of the John Hanball Insurance Co. and told me to take it easy. Al explained that while my enthusiasm was a definite asset, it took a special kind of individual to make a good insurance man and he offered to give me a little word-association test right on the spot.

"Just say the first thing that comes into your head when I give you a word," said Al as he took out a pad to keep score. We began.

"Wife?"
"Widow."
"Leg?"
"Break."
"Children?"
"Starve."
"House?"
"Fire."
"Dog?"
"Bite."
"Money?"
"Erection."

"Excellent, a perfect score," he shouted and slapped me on the back. My training in insurance school was to begin immediately and after that I was lucky enough to have the masterful Al Jinksman himself to train me in the field.

The six weeks of schooling were very rough and about as exciting as staring at your big toe. There were hundreds of different types of policies to memorize and scores of sales talks composed by the best psychologists and con artists in the country. I studied the complexity of the infamous "fine print,"



"Anyone wearing black after I've counted up to five is cut out of the will — no, Miss Perkins, this is a private party!"

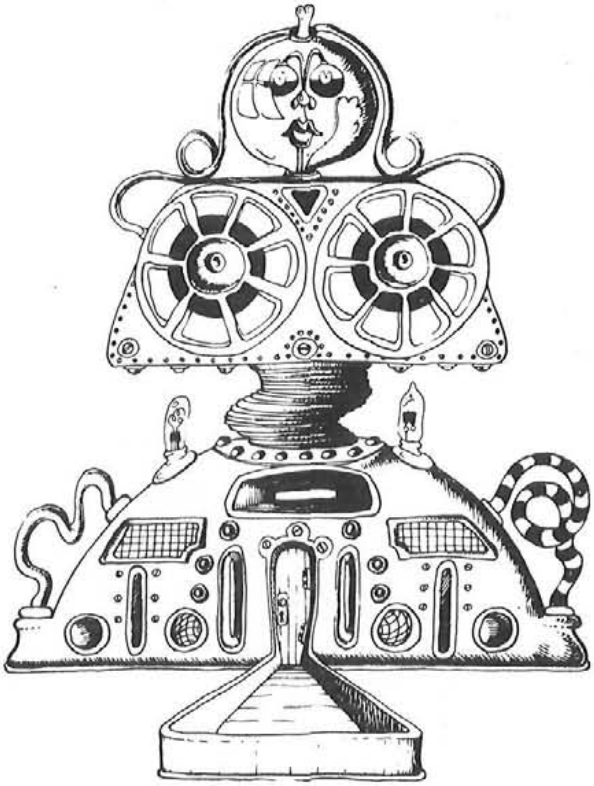
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which was designed to give Einstein migraines. Along with the normal work load, the school recommended certain books and pamphlets for outside reading. They had promising titles like: "*A Thousand Ways to Meet Death in Your Bathroom; Diary of a Hypochondriac; The Power of Negative Thinking; Pessimism for Fun and Profit;* and *Dramatic Acting* by Durward Kirby. The relatively short time and the tremendous amount of material to be covered, combined with the depressing nature of the subject matter, exerted great pressure on the class. Only seven out of 25 graduated. Three were committed and one poor soul took his own life with a staple gun.

I felt proud to be among those that made it. (The only drawback was the nervous twitch I had developed while paging through a fully illustrated color pamphlet entitled "Accidents with the Power Saw.") Al Jinksman arranged for us to make several house calls together so I could begin my apprenticeship. Al said he didn't want to bother with any more place-of-business calls like Filthy Phil's because the real money was in the standard home visit. I was to keep my mouth shut and observe Al very carefully. Our first prospect was a young married man with two children. His name was Charlie Hickman and he lifted weights as a hobby. It is extremely hard to sell a young, healthy guy on the idea that he might be on his way out, especially if he is the type who could crush a Volkswagen. Al wasted no time probing for weakness. He started off with: "I'll bet you don't smoke or drink much." Charlie said he didn't smoke or drink at all, and that the only thing he did consume in excess was wheat germ. A zero score as far as harmful habits go, I thought to myself.

Al tried again. "Is that your motorcycle out front?" He shook his head no and informed us that he drove a 1947 Oldsmobile with safety belts. So far, Charlie looked like a good prospect for immortality. There were several pictures of our host around the house. In all of them, he was striking a typical muscle-man pose and looked like a bridge abutment. I saw Al staring at one, as if for inspiration. Suddenly, he reached into his briefcase and pulled out a large photograph. He handed it to Charlie saying, "Ever see one of these babies?"

I peered over Charlie's shoulder at the photo, which looked like a black and blue balloon and bore the title, "Strangulated Hernia." I think the picture got to Charlie because he threw up on my briefcase. Al continued by informing him that athletic supporters do not have to meet any government safety standards and are impossible to test before they leave the factory.



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APRIL, 1970 — SEX: Including Dr. Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll, the David and Julie True-Romance Comic Book, the Playbore of the Month, Normal Rockwall's Erotic Drawings, Mondo Perverto Magazine, and Michael O'Donoghue's Pornocopia.

MAY, 1970 — GREED: Featuring an exclusive interview with Howard Hughes, a poster-sized parody of the *Wall Street Journal,* the Annual Report of the Mafia, the Poor and the Super-Poor, Up With Negroes, and Rick Meyerowitz's touching portrait of Billy Graham.

JUNE, 1970 — BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine (the little-known trade pubilcation of the pollution industry), Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's trip to colorful Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

JULY, 1970—BAD TASTE: Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, Nixon's Dream Supreme Court, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Pornography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

To order these bank issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with $1 in bill, check or money order for each copy you'd like.

Then Charlie gave Al an argument over the amount of insurance coverage he needed. He thought $60,000 was too much. Al assured him that it wasn't and illustrated by explaining about inflation. He pointed out that 15 years ago, a hot dog cost five cents and that today it cost 35 cents. If this upward trend continued, by the time Charlie's 3-year-old daughter was 18, a hot dog would cost $4.37! Al delivered the clincher without mercy. "I'm not worried about your boy. He could probably take care of himself," said Al. He continued: "Your little girl is another story. You know what happens to fatherless girls who need money badly." Jinksman was a cruel genius at conjuring up horrible images. I could practically see Charlie's poor daughter strolling down Main Street with a see-through blouse and a cash register strapped to her back. That closed the deal. The sale was made. Charlie seemed a little shaken and on our way out he asked if we knew any good liquor stores.

I was beginning to have second thoughts about the insurance business when Al began to tell me about our next prospect. He was an "untouchable," which is a person most companies would not insure. However, Al's motto was, "The only uninsurable person is a dead one." He explained that with its wide variety of policies, our company could insure anyone — for the right premium payment, of course.

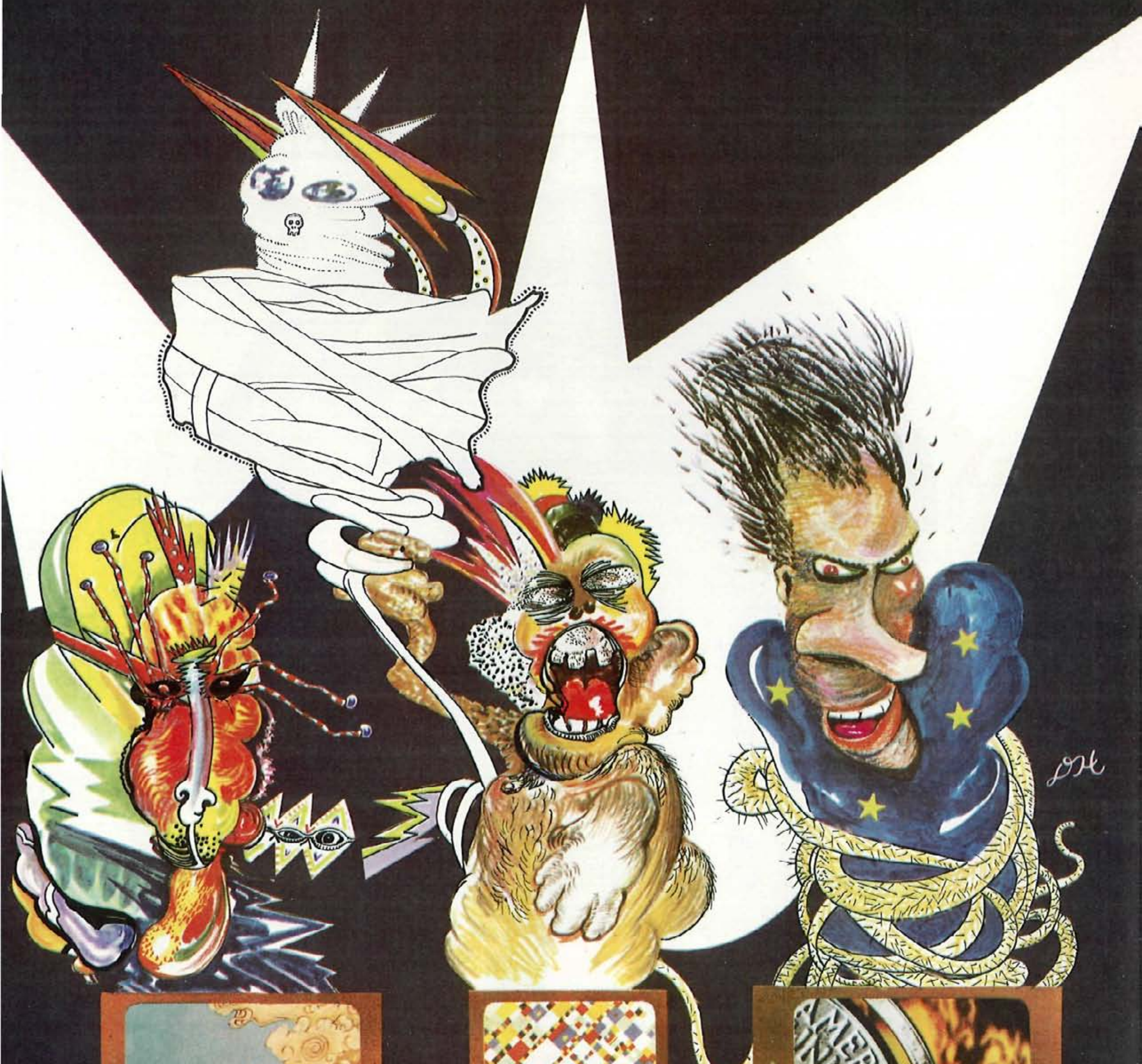
The new prospect turned out to be a 70-year-old gentleman with a little heart trouble. He wore a small black disk in his chest. I asked him what it was for and he told me it was an electric pacemaker and it kept his heart going. Al made a little joke about paying his electric bill and then got to work. He sold him our special "longshot" policy, which has a premium that looks like a social security number. He also made the old man sign an agreement to keep fresh batteries on hand.

At last, I saw Al Jinksman for the chameleon that he was, a man who could go from sick pessimist to super optimist depending upon which way the dollar crumbled, who viewed the world through lenses neither rose colored nor black, but money green. I told Al I had decided that the insurance game was too morbid for me and I wanted a job that was a little cheerier. Like being an ambulance attendant.

As it turned out, I went back to cadging Cracker Jacks and Al, who I consider the Johnny Appleseed of despair, became very rich indeed. I've caught myself a couple of times trying to con a pigeon into shelling out a pound of peanuts for a policy covering hawks and poisoned bread crumbs, but I always stop myself. After all, there is such a thing as self-respect. □

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PARANOIA



Included in the following pages are some of the editors' favorite fears. "So what," you may reply, "those are *your* hang-ups, not mine." Well, just in case you're feeling cocky, dear reader, the editors have also gone to the trouble of coating this issue with a deadly poison that can penetrate any human skin surface and kill within two hours. So, unless you happen to be wearing gloves, the editors suggest that you immediately start calling up your old friends for a last good-bye. When you're through, maybe you'll have time for a walk in the park. But you'd better hurry.

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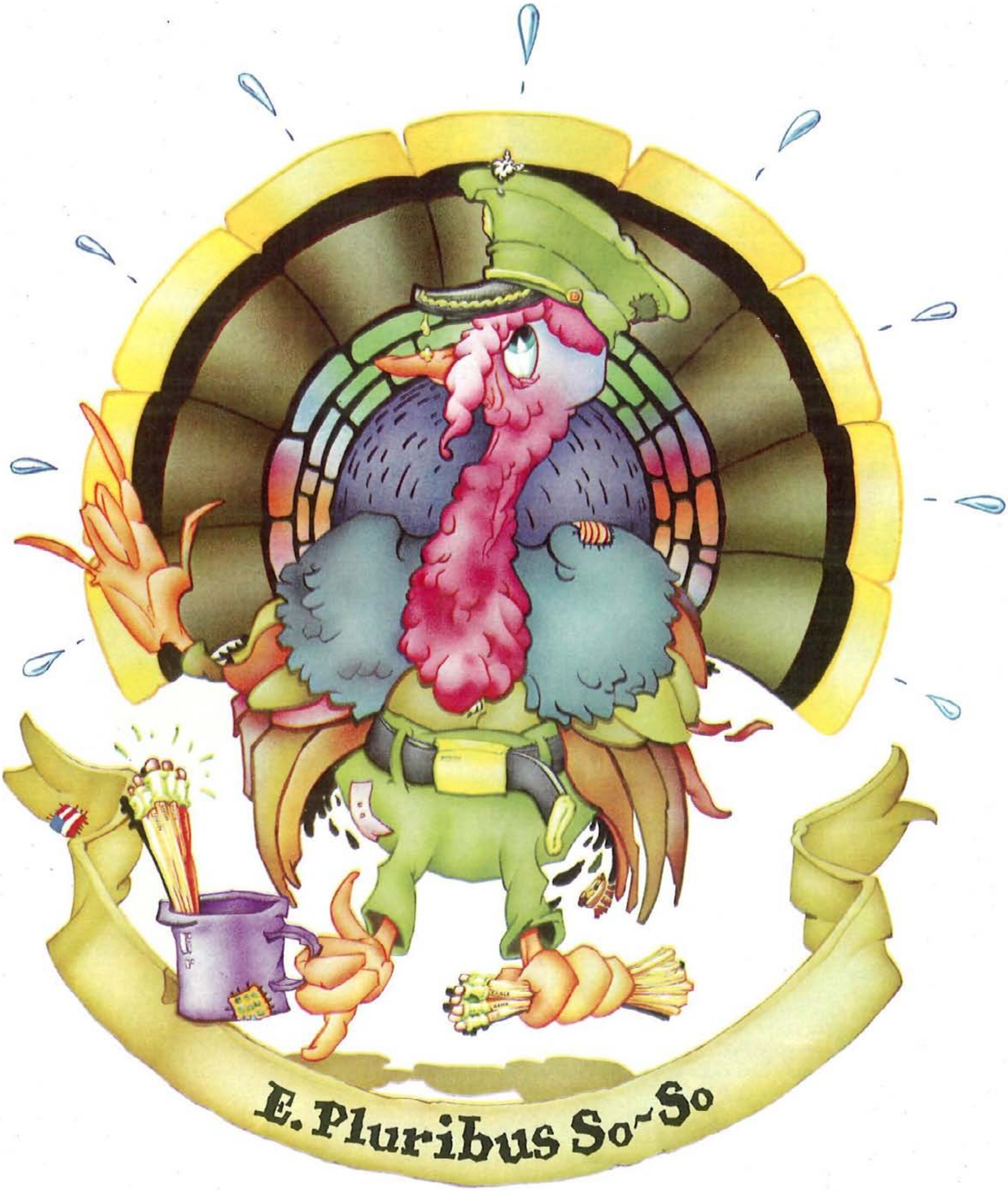
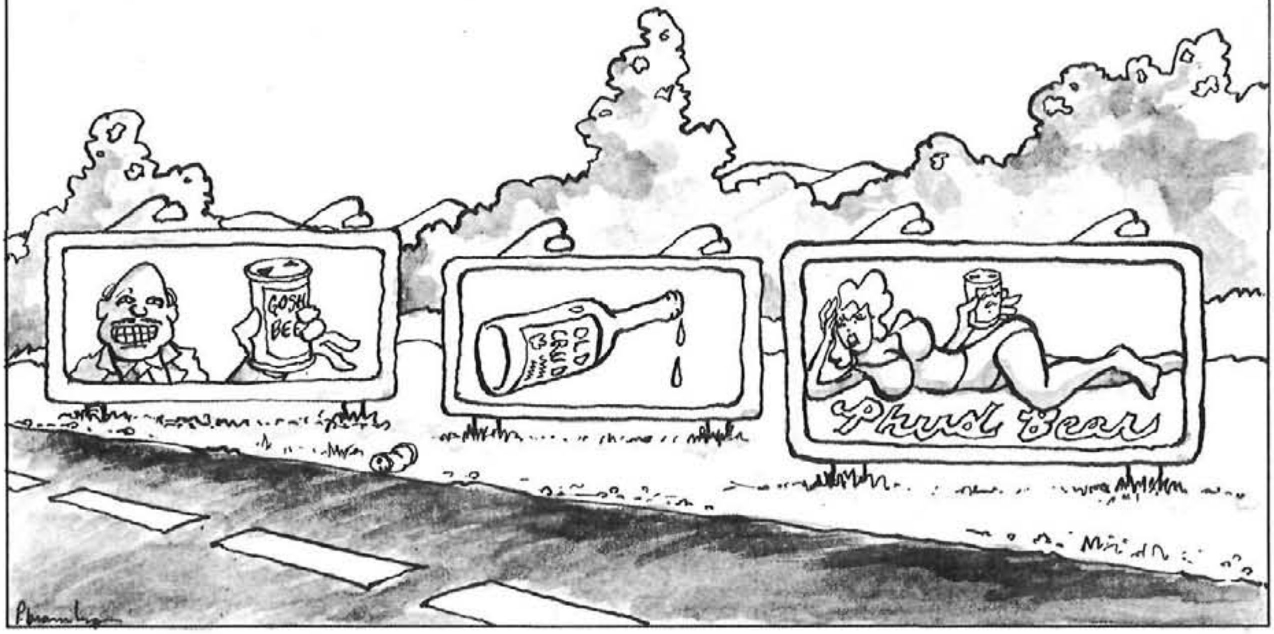


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK MELL

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I would rather be a one-term president than to see America become a second-rate power and see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud, 190-year history — Richard M. Nixon, televised speech, April 35, 1970

AMERICA AS A SECOND-RATE POWER



We're Only Number 2, But We Try Harder

Well, whether you are Hawk or Dove, you have to admit that a "military victory" in Vietnam seems pretty unlikely. In fact, "Vietnamization" notwithstanding, the chances of Uncle Thieu and his pals keeping their seats (or their heads) after we finally pull out appear even unlikelier.

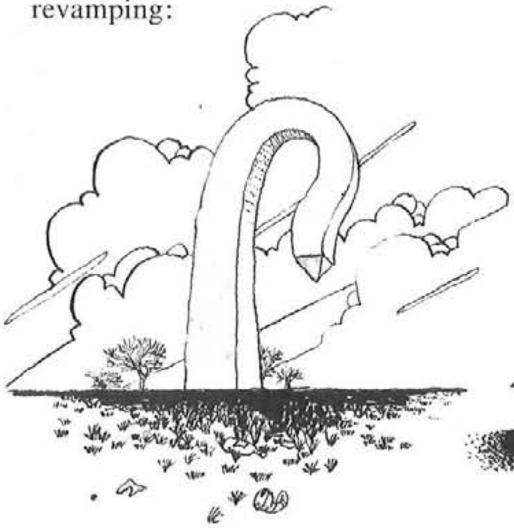
Which means, if we read the President's words correctly, that America *is* about to suffer its first internationally recognized defeat, and is about to become . . . *a second-rate power?!*

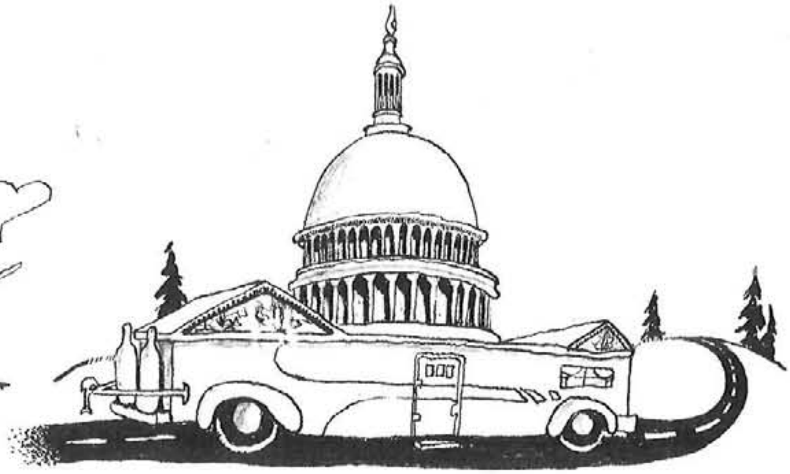
Chilling thought, isn't it?

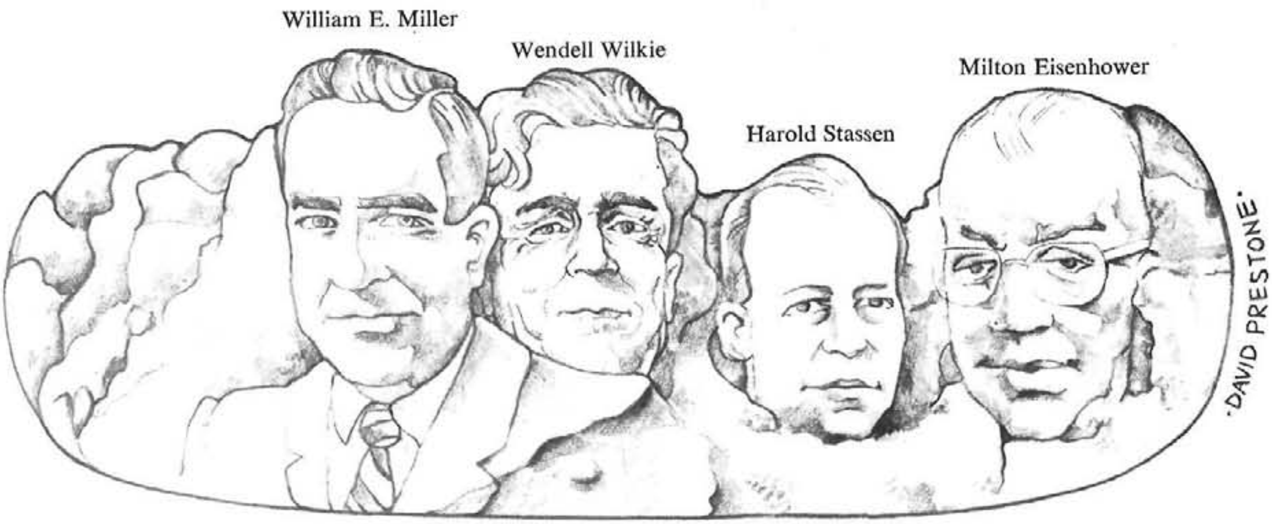
Well, if it's going to happen, it's going to happen, and there's no use crying over spilt milk. As a matter of fact, perhaps it's not too soon to start thinking about how Uncle Sam is going to have to re-gear himself to his new, homelier image.

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For example, all those famous national monuments will certainly require some drastic revamping:





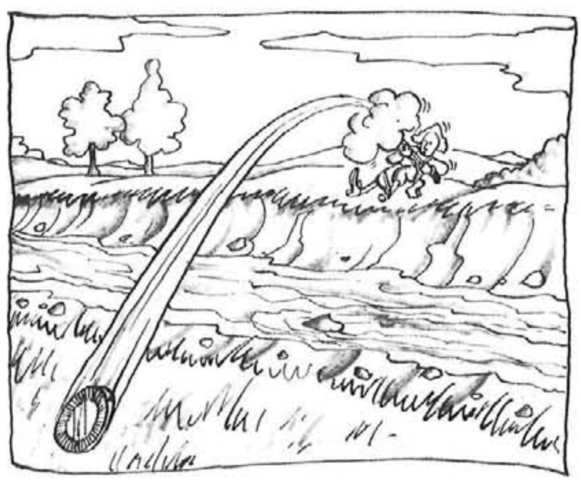


MY FIRST BOOK OF AMERICAN HEROES

GEORGE WASHINGTON THROWS A SILVER DOLLAR ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER

Legend has it that when George Washington was a young surveyor, he threw a silver dollar across the wide Potomac River, showing even then the great strength with which he would later command our Revolutionary War armies and our first national government. Recent findings, however, reveal that the "silver dollar" was really a small poker chip left over from a gaming session with Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, and that the "wide Potomac" had shrunk to a span of 15 feet during that dry July. Eye-witness accounts further claim that the disk was not thrown across the river but actually jammed into the barrel of Washington's trusty flintlock and *fired* to the other side.

Putting the evidence together, Washington's odd actions at the time seem to indicate that the preceding evening he may have been engaged in some heavy drink-



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The official currency and postal stamps, too, should be brought into line with our new insignificance:



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It's Always Been an American Tradition to Root for the Underdog

It's true. Nobody likes a show-off when it comes to armies. It's always the little guy who surprises you with his "can do" spirit — not the big guy, like certain Communist countries we could name.

America, believe it or not, has *always* been an underdog when it came to fighting. Lexington and Concord. The Burning of Washington in 1813. Bull Run. Pearl Harbor.

Remember?

So, the next time you're thinking of enlisting in an army, don't forget us. We may be only No. 2, but things could be worse.

We could be No. 3.



U. S. Army: We Try Harder

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ORLOVSKY

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As a second-rate power, America will have to cut down to size some of our traditional American legends . . .

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. . . and those overly patriotic songs will have to be toned down.

NEW AMERICAN SONGBOOK

COLUMBIA THE ZIRCON OF THE OCEAN

IT'S A QUITE ADEQUATE OLD FLAG

AMERICA THE MODERATELY BEAUTIFUL



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Kiss Off, Cruel World

By Henry Beard



Last Impressions are Important

People have always put a lot of stock in first impressions, but actually, last impressions are pretty important, too. No one remembers what Caesar said to the Helvetians, but who does not know the line, *"Et tu, Brute"?* Obviously, if Caesar had muttered those words while passing Brutus in the Serpentarium or whatever it was, they wouldn't have had much weight; and if, after being stabbed, he had said, *"In hoc signo vinces"* (from many, one) or *"Fero ferre tuli latus"* (you've ruined my toga), history would not have been so kind. All of this goes to show that your last words shouldn't be wasted. (As a matter of fact, unless you plan to be the first man on Mars or to make some important discovery, like who the Helvetians were, they're the only words of yours anyone is going to pay any attention to. Your only other opportunity for spoken importance you've already thrown away, unless of course you have yet to speak your first words. And even if your mother has an electroplated record of your first deathless burbles hidden away with your quoits trophies and the Empire State Building thermometer, it's dollars to diapers you weren't too heavily committed to any of the Indo-European tongues at the time, and the kind of people who are likely to quote you spend a lot of their time talking to trees and doing imitations of rocks.)

Unfortunately, to be quite frank, the odds of your actually voicing something memorable in the way of last words are pretty slim. Not only are the impressive-looking hospital machines in which the majority of our citizens get whisked across the Styx not too conducive to idle chatter, but the likelihood of your saying something final and golden like, "Lay me under the greenwood tree," or "Give me some torpedoes to damn," and lingering for another 20 years is just as strong as the possibility of your passing to the nether shore with something fine unspoken. On the other hand, if you're planning an early exit, it's another story entirely, and here there's room for some sobering statistics (and anyone who knows the population of Kansas or how many times around the world the cables of the George Washington Bridge will stretch knows how sobering statistics can be). In Scandinavia, which leads the world in suicides (the Benelux countries are second, with the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg tied for a close third), 56 per cent of the suicides left no notes, 22 per cent left illegible notes, 11 per cent left notes considered "obvious" (*Stockholm Star*) or "maudlin" (*Swedish Meatball*). Only 7 per cent of the notes had subtitles, and all but 2 per cent contained at least one of the following phrases: "As I cross the bar," "It's a far better thing," and "Death before dishonor." All of this is especially sobering since the vast majority of these unfortunates missed a golden opportunity. The power of *"Et tu, Brute,"* after all, is that it drove Brutus nuts and eventually to suicide, and the only true measure of the success of a suicide note is in how many more suicides can be directly attributed to it. Frankly, if you're no poet, forget the history books, drop the dactyls and concentrate on impact. At the very least, your note should cause in two or three key readers one of the following reactions:

A. Frustrated Anger ("I could kill him.")

B. Remorse/Regret ("I could kill myself.")

C. Bananas ("I could kill everyone on my block.")

The following brief case histories are presented for inspiration rather than imitation, but they show how the average man with a self-destructive bent can make his last words count. . . .

Arthur K. was a successful banker in a major Midwestern city, a man with no apparent worries or fears. In a bizarre accident, he fell out the window of his 12th-story office while watching a parade but escaped all save the most minor injuries when he crashed through seven successive layers of bunting and landed in a float representing the startling triumphs of Natural Down Chicken Feathers (a major product of the region) over Cheap Substitutes and Imported Stuffing Matter. Unfortunately, however, on his way down, his life passed before his eyes, as often happens, and what he saw so depressed him that he resolved to do himself in. Chief among the sources of his depression were his wife, Madge K. (the former Madge M.), and their children, Arthur Jr., Sally, and the Thing. He also realized that the family dog, Sheddy, probably commanded more affection, pound for pound, than he did, and this particularly depressed him, since he had lovingly fed the beast by hand from his own medicine chest on several occasions. Arthur's exit was nicely handled, and his suicide note was a minor masterpiece. It was neatly handwritten on the crumpled torn half of a piece of notepaper which had clearly spent some time "in the mandible region of a canine interloper," as the inspecting officer observed at the inquest. Oddly, a careful dissection of Sheddy produced nothing. What was left of the note read:

. . . paces past the rotisserie and dig. It's in tens and twenties and there was $800,000 the last time I looked. I really feel silly telling you

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this, but I never did put much trust in banks. I know this must be a shock to you and the kids, but I know you'll make out just fine. Please see that Grandma gets the Ming vase.

Needless to say, the extensive excavations, first subtly with beach tools, then later with Caterpillar bulldozers, yielded nothing beyond Sheddy's impressive collection of soup bones and the broken shards of a Ming vase, though it did somewhat lower the value of the property. Mrs. K. went quite crazy and slew nine with a lawn flamingo before they could stop her. The kids were sold to a cereal company.

In every field of endeavor, there is at least one Da Vinci, and in the rather rarefied realm of suicide notes, it is Roger F. An actor and amateur moviemaker of no talent, Roger had bridled for several years under what he felt was the unfair and prejudiced criticism of the reviewers of every newspaper in his city. He was found by a friend, an unsuccessful free-lance photographer, hanging from an electric cord in a room full of gas. Pinned to his shirt was a piece of paper. The picture of this classic tableau ran in half the city's papers, the story of the suicide in all of them. Two papers carried articles linking the suicide with drugs. It was thus quite baffling when the police released the contents of the note:

1 pair of socks
2 shirts
3 towels
1 handkerchief
4 sets underwear
No Starch

It was only a matter of time before the police came upon a small movie camera by a laundry bag in the corner of the room, and, hoping on a long chance that its contents might yield some clue to the happenings, developed the film. The result, a little out of focus but otherwise professional, was Roger's masterpiece, and his real suicide note. The film began jumpily, as if the camera had been accidentally bumped, and Roger was seen filling a bag of laundry and preparing a list, which kept slipping behind a bureau or onto the floor or into the bag. It then showed Roger as he pinned the list to his shirt, put the bag in the corner, then stopped and sniffed the air curiously. He looked at the ceiling, where a gas meter was bolted, and from which hung a series of electrical wires. Then, in the best performance of his career, he moved a very rickety stepladder to the center of the room and, his face clearly showing his fear of heights, climbed the ladder, pretended to slip, and hung himself.

In less than a week, Roger's wife stepped forward and, with the proceeds of the sale of Roger's cameras, sued all 11 newspapers for libel and slander. The suit took four and a half years, but she eventually collected $1,745,000 and court costs. The film of Roger's suicide became an underground classic and grossed $300,000. The newspapers were more circumspect in reporting the suicides, within a period of two months, of one of the reviewers, four reporters and one editor.

A small example of the art, but worth reporting, was the exit of Sam G. (also known as Sammy G. and Sam the G.), a middle-level gangster. Hounded by the Internal Revenue Service, his wife, the Justice Department and the Mob, he decided to take the easy way out. He was found in his plush suburban home in a room littered with suicide notes. There were 17 in all, and they were identical:

I, Samuel G., did this myself. My good friends Babbo S. and Gino V. had nothing to do with this. They are innocent and know nothing about it. They certainly are clean. I swear it.

The typewriter, of course, matched none in Sam's house; he had misspelled his name on all the notes; and on a dictaphone, which lay on the floor, he had left for his wife a taped message full of gasps and pauses:

"Suzy, Swiss Bank Account, Union Zurich Bank, 121 Rue des Cloches Cucues, Zurich 12, Switzerland, Canton Zurich, the number is . . . is . . ."

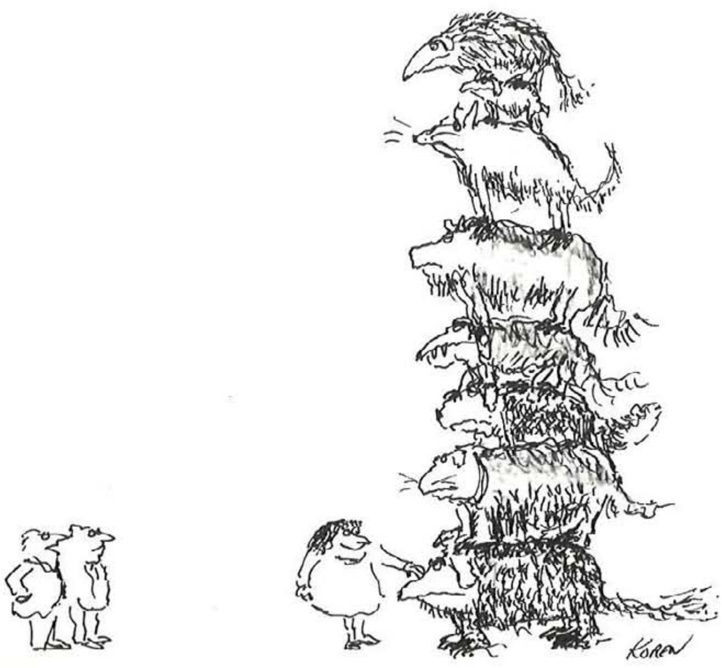
The last example is more typical of the standard approach. Albert P. was a reasonably successful accountant, married, with no children. His reasons for doing himself in were obscure, but friends cite a nagging wife and an unpleasant mother-in-law. He dropped a number of what psychiatrists call "death hints" in the days before his final action. "I'm going to kill myself," he reportedly told his wife, "so don't invite anyone over for a while." He also gave away some suits to the Salvation Army, canceled his subscriptions and cut down the milk delivery. He was found in the swimming pool festooned with leis made from strung-together vacuum attachments and covered with peanut butter. His note, sealed in a plastic bag, read:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF ALBERT P.

Being of sound mind and body, I, Albert P., attest that this is my only true will and direct that apportionments of my estate be made from it. According to a vision, in which the great god Vishnu gave to me in the guise of a hand laundry and bade me seek the Kubafooba, the path to greater wisdom through immersion in sandwich spreads, I have decided to leave my entire estate to my beloved mother-in-law, Martha F., whose cosmic oneness is a source of comfort to me.

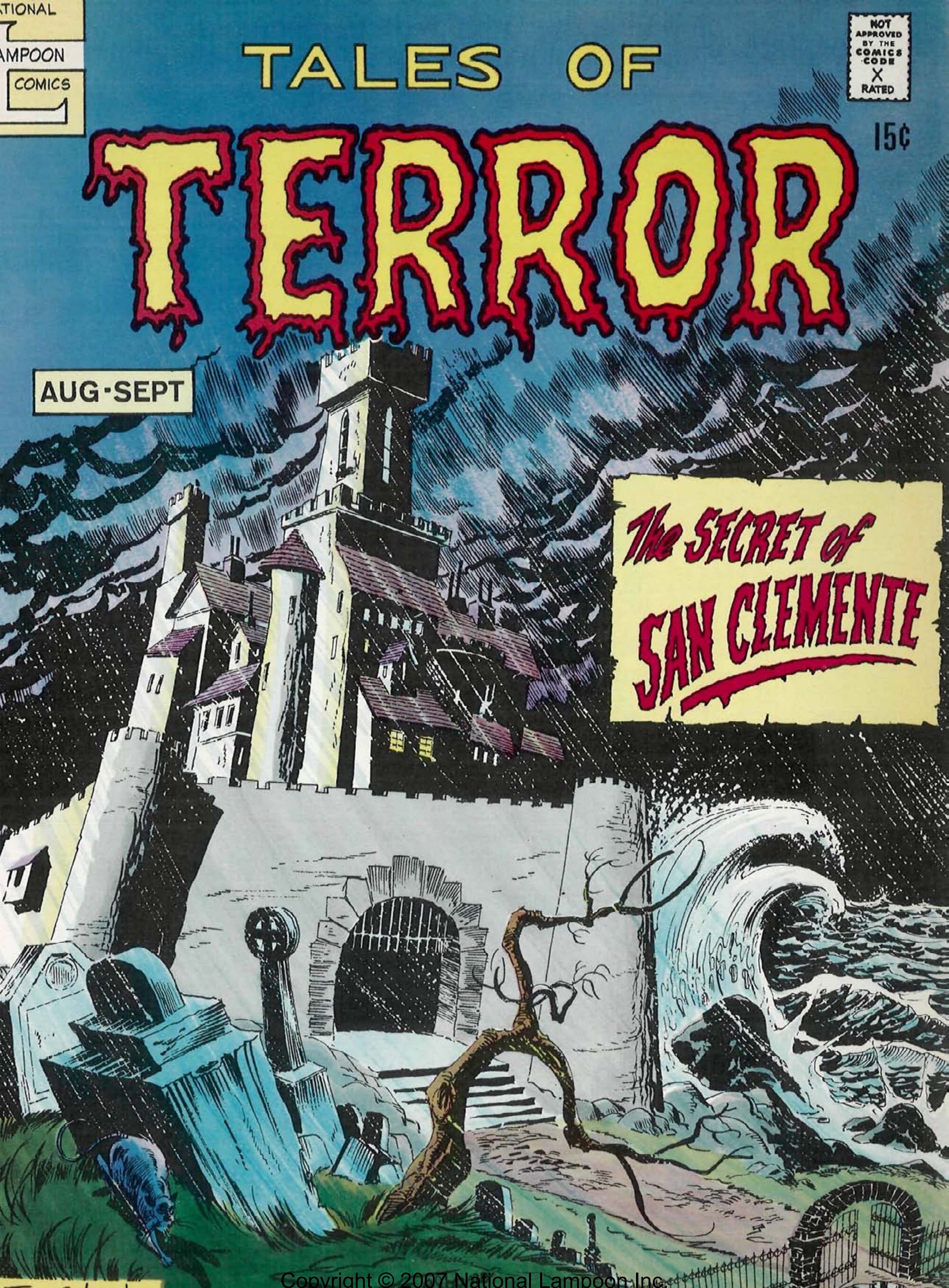
The will was in probate for 22 years.

Well, I guess it's good-bye. It's all I can take. Don't forget to water the geraniums. □



"Ever notice how everyone favors the underdog?"

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- 24 CIA Undercover Agents
- 36 Deserters
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- 4 Chaplains (Protestant)
- 4 Chaplains (Catrolic)
- 4 Chaplains (Jewish)
- 6 Body Bags
- 12 Prophylactics (For Prevention of Venereal Disease Only)
- 1 Bob Hope

THEIRS
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- 12 Snipers
- 6 AK-47's
- 6 Pungee Sticks
- 12 Pairs Black Pajamas
- 24 Women
- 36 Children
- 12 Rocket Launchers
- 12 Pairs Sneakers
- 12 Forged Identity Cards
- 12 Chopsticks
- 12 "Teddy in '72" Buttons

RUSH COUPON TODAY

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The Pentagon
Box 44
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Alexandria, Va.

No C.O.D.'s

Gentlemen:

Here's my $1.98. Rush 343 VIETNAM SOLDIERS to me. If not satisfied with the results, I'll keep my dissenting opinion to myself!

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State.......... ZIP..........

Loyalty Oath..........

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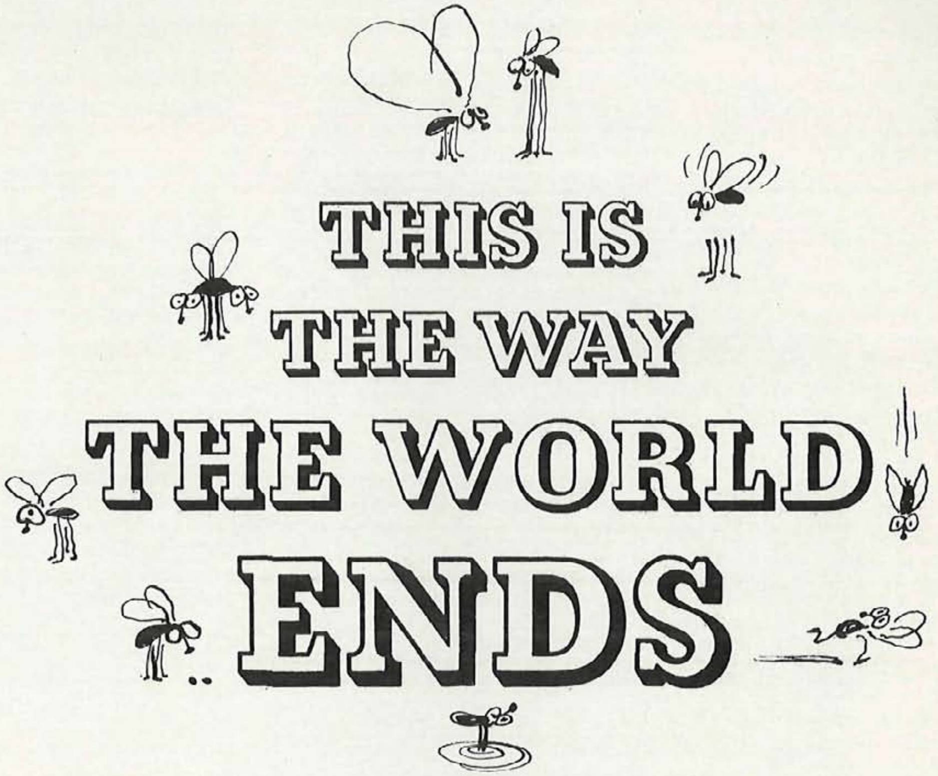


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THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS



By Nicholas Fish

Whimper, Whimper, You're Dead

In his much-quoted poem, *Stopping by Dover Beach on Sunday Morning,* the famous poet Mathew Brady wrote, "Let your ignorant armies clash by night, but don't touch a hair of yon gray head." He also predicted the end of the world ("not with one of your noisy bangs, but whimperlike") and made some startling prophecies about flying whaleboats, trains powered by the moon and an international communications system based on semaphores. It's obvious that Brady was no fool, since in the 200 years following his death, a lot of very important things have happened. Still, if he were alive today, he might not believe his eyes:

BRADY: What do you see?

RIGHT EYE: Gosh, the place is lousy with flying whaleboats and trains powered by the moon.

LEFT EYE: That isn't the half of it. Why, there's someone over there signaling with a giant semaphore.

BRADY: It's hard to believe.

If Professor Carl Lazlo of the Nevada Institute of Technology is right, the human race may be headed for a dead end. "All this talk about a population explosion is nothing but nonsense," insists Lazlo. "Anyone who has looked at a family tree or genealogical chart recently knows how many people it took in past generations to produce just one today." Lazlo points out that even the simplest family tree contains two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, and so on. He calculates that for each person alive in the 20th century, there were 150 in the 19th, and 5,500 in the 18th, and that the population of the earth during the latter part of the Bronze Age probably exceeded 400 billion. "This might account for the extinction of the dinosaurs," suggests Lazlo.

The implications of his calculations are clear. If the present rate of attrition continues unabated, the population of the world – now about three billion – will have shrunk to 100 million by the end of the 21st century and to less than 8,000 by the year 2150. Whether or

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not this process can be reversed is uncertain, "but one thing *is* certain," he says. "Unless a major national program is started, the last people on earth will be Chinese."

Anyone who has wondered how giant trees manage to get water out of the ground and into their upper branches has probably thought how useful it would be if the hidden power of our forests and woodlands could be harnessed for the benefit of mankind. Dr. Edwin Selvedge of the Santa Juda School of Forestry see this age-old arboreal miracle in a different light. "We're sitting on dynamite," he says.

Selvedge has calculated that the capillary action in a mature tree often exceeds 300 pounds per square inch, or about 10 times the amount in a can of shaving cream and 25 times the amount considered the maximum for automobile tires in summer. He theorizes that until very recently, such creatures as woodpeckers, bark beetles and squirrels acted as a kind of natural safety valve, releasing the enormous pressure in the critical summer months. But pollution and the wholesale slaughter of these animals by trophy-seeking hunters has drastically reduced their number, and the day may not be far off when our parks and backyards turn into bloodbaths. "That favorite evergreen the kids like to climb is a time bomb," says Selvedge, "and it's all ready to explode and scatter its deadly hail of needles and cones."

The well-known military practice of ordering soldiers to break step when crossing bridges to avoid destroying the structures with deadly sonic energy has long interested academician V. I. Bogorof of the Lavrenti P. Beria Institute of Physics and Ceramics. His studies of reported incidents of bridge collapse during World War II led him, in a playful moment, to attempt to compute the odds of everyone in the world taking a step at the same time.

It took one of the Soviet Union's most advanced electronic abacuses nearly a week to complete the calculations and the results were, according to Bogorof, far from amusing. Not only is the catastrophe long overdue, but the mathematical probability of its occurring approaches 100% when the population exceeds two billion, a figure that passed nearly 50 years ago. Further, Bogorof has calculated that the force of even half the world's present population taking a step at the same time – a much more likely event – would exceed the power produced by the detonation of 1,000 100-megaton bombs and would more than suffice to pulverize the globe, provided that the other half of the population were asleep or sitting down at the time. Bogorof has urged the formation of an international control agency with broad powers to send crack marching groups into threatened areas to counteract sonic build-up and the construction of huge metronomes (each set to a different beat) in major population centers. The alternative to this drastic action, insists Bogorof, is certain doom.

In a parallel to the once controversial but now widely accepted theory of continental drift, Dr. Simon Weinglass of the Gould-Fiske Foundation has advanced the concept of geopolitical drift. Although continental drift is a very slow process posing no threat to mankind, geopolitical drift, according to the Doctor, is another matter entirely. "Look at an old map of Europe, sometime," says Weinglass. "Where are Estonia and Latvia? What titanic force crushed Austria to the size of Delaware? What happened to Montenegro?" The answer to these troubling questions, according to the noted sicentist, is a series of cataclysmic natural catastrophes that may have been occurring with some regularity since ancient times. Weinglass has no idea which continent may be affected next but hopes that improved cartographical techniques and space photography may give some clue to the fate of the missing regions.

Sir James Tirrell of London's Holyscone Observatory has devoted a good part of his long career alerting the scientific community to the grave threat posed by the "cloud crisis." An exhaustive study of meteorological data has led Tirrell to the conclusion that the number, size and density of clouds has increased sharply in recent years and that if this growth goes unchecked, the sheer weight of these monsters will overcome the natural forces which keep them airborne. Tirrell also believes that cloud growth goes in cycles, and the great crater in Arizona and Lake Baikal in the Soviet Union may have been caused by cloud impacts. He has long opposed what he calls "the fluffy-white psychosis." "People think these things are some kind of candy fluff covered with angels. Nothing could be further from the truth. They're the icebergs of the air, and when they fall, there's going to be a real mess."

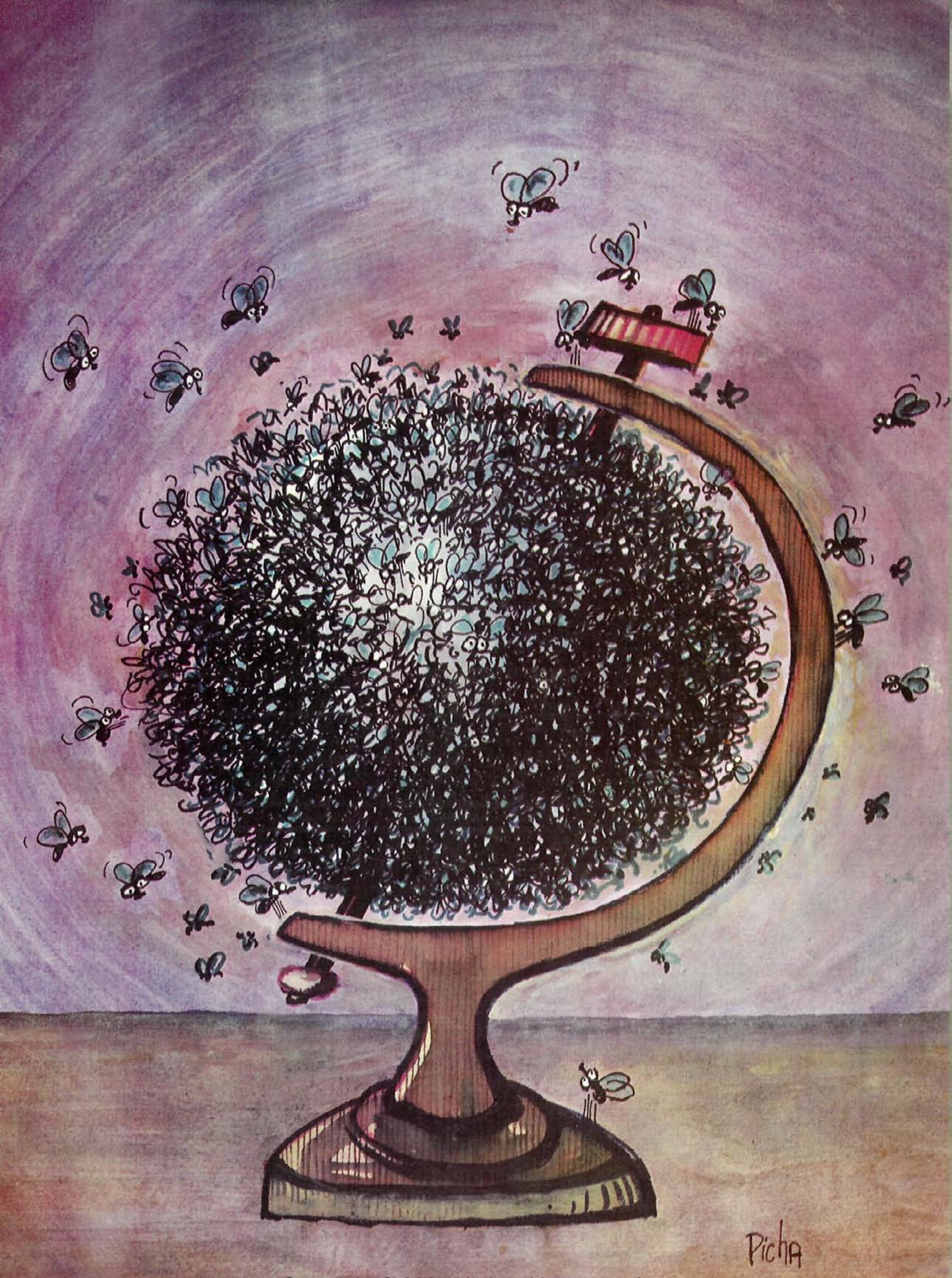
According to noted zoologist Charles Herbivor, time is running out for the human race. "Basically, what we are faced with is incredible bad luck," says Herbivor. His studies indicate that in 1986, practically every cyclical phenomenon will occur at once within a space of two or three weeks. Sunspot activity will be at its highest, the 17-year locust will be on the rampage, the six-year flu cycle will be active, most man-eating century plants will be in bloom, unusually high lunar tides will be accentuated by a total eclipse of the sun and a 10-year high in the intensity of the Van Allen Belt will coincide with the reappearance of Haley's Comet. In addition, the planet's housefly, lemming and weevil populations will be at the peak of their respective propagation cycles, and there is some evidence that the Sargasso eels and deep sea squid will be making their rare mating migrations at the same time, clogging the vital Gulf Stream. Herbivor's calculations are not yet complete, "but," he says, "anything more would just be icing on the cake."

Working with medical records dating back to 1825, Dr. Albert Hoskins of the Mt. Gaza Medical Center has recently calculated the growth in human size from one generation to another and has arrived at the alarming conclusion that by 2100 A.D. the average male will be 18 feet 3 inches tall and the average female, 12 feet 2 inches tall. "The discrepancy alone is bad enough," concedes Hoskins jokingly, "but there are other problems. A large number of doorways are going to have to be raised, and I think we're going to have to get used to a lot of razzing from some of the smaller animals." Hoskins also sees some more serious consequences. "Unless we can raise cows the size of elephants and vegetables as big as sequoias, there are going to be quite a few hungry giants on our hands, and chances are they're going to be none too jolly."

Insects, especially common pests like mosquitoes and bees, have never been too popular, but their importance in the ecological balance has long been recognized. Without them, many plants could not reproduce and most birds would starve. Professor Solomon Molar of the Baden-Powell Institute now believes that insects are headed for a dead end. "DDT is the culprit," says Molar, "but not in the way you'd expect. Most insects have managed to get along with all that stuff in their habitats, but men and the larger animals have become walking insect bombs. That may be nice for campers and horses, but it's the last straw for the insects." According to Prof. Molar, the only hope for continued life on the planet after the insects die is a crash program of birdhouse construction and the creation of a special corps of flower pollinators. "It's not going to be fun," says Molar, "and I know I'd feel pretty silly wandering around some joker's garden with a mailbag full of pollen." □

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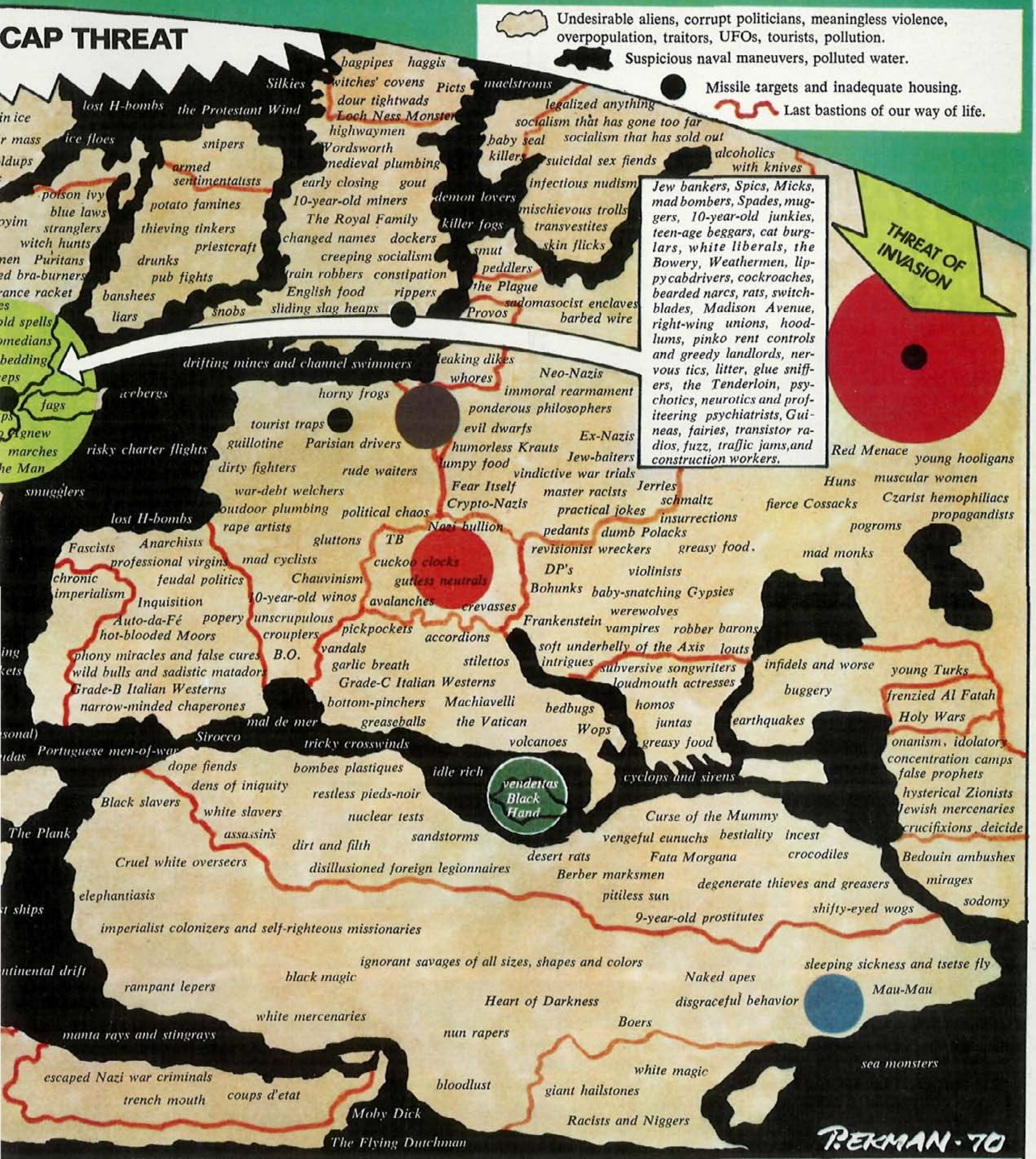
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- H.Q. International Yellow Peril Conspiracy
- H.Q. Wide-Eyed One-Worlder Conspiracy
- H.Q. Undeserving Poor Conspiracy
- H.Q. International Commie Conspiracy
- H.Q. International Jock Conspiracy
- H.Q. Systematic Wildlife Extinction Conspiracy

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RANOID PROJECTION BY
EL CHOQUETTE AND SEAN KELLY



I.Q. International Fascist Pig Conspiracy
I.Q. International Homosexual Conspiracy
I.Q. International Boredom Conspiracy

H.Q. International Jewish Conspiracy
H.Q. International Mafia Conspiracy
H.Q. CIA-Sponsored Revolution Conspiracy

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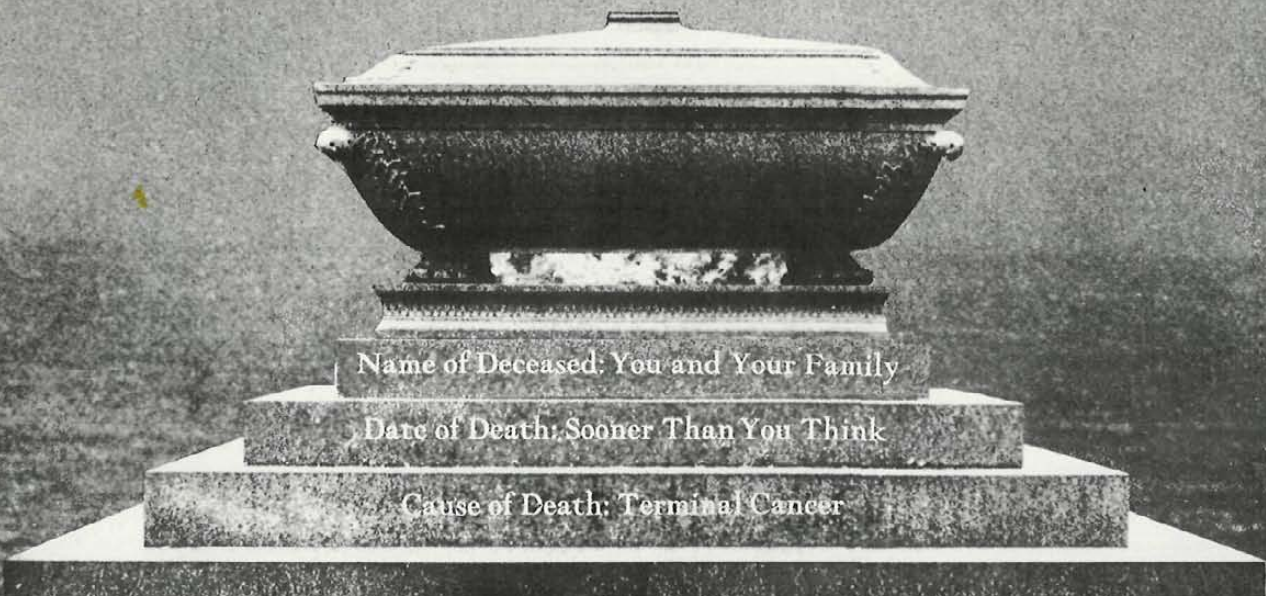
Take a minute and read over these

21 Danger Signs of Cancer

It could save your life!

You have cancer if:

1. Your gums bleed.
2. Your teeth tarnish quickly.
3. Your warts or birthmarks take on an unhealthy brown color.
4. The veins in your arms are becoming more apparent.
5. You are unduly startled by loud noises.
6. Your fingernails grow too rapidly.
7. You yawn frequently and tend to nap in the afternoon.
8. High-speed elevators make you dizzy.
9. You are troubled by canker sores which last longer than three days.
10. Your neck itches.
11. You feel a pressing need to urinate upon arising in the morning.
12. Hosiery and undergarments leave curious red marks on your skin.
13. You are often edgy and irritable.
14. Your lips chap excessively.
15. Hair grows immoderately in your nostrils.
16. Your feet "fall asleep" more than twice a week.
17. Headaches are inclined to localize at the base of the brain.
18. You are subject to recurrent attacks of hiccups.
19. You bruise easily.
20. You find it difficult to salivate properly.
21. A thick yellow wax collects in your ears.



BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

If you have one or two of the above symptoms, act swiftly and there is a *slim, remote possibility* that you can be saved. If you have three or more symptoms, don't bother consulting a physician because it's *too late*. You've reached what we of the medical profession call "the point of no return." In the few weeks left to you *(sometimes as much as four months!)*, put your affairs in order, say a last goodbye to loved ones, and prepare for the Eternal Darkness that lies ahead. . . .

Brought to you as a public service by
The National Cancer Institute

Send for your free copy of *A* **Grave** *Situation*, the informative 24-page booklet that lists over 500 foods, cosmetics and common household products which have been linked to cancer. You'll be surprised by many entries, including such familiar articles as fabric softeners, margarine, cork-lined bottle caps, oven cleaner, feminine hygiene deodorants, chives and freeze-dried coffee.

The National Cancer Institute,
P.O. Box 2294, Washington, D.C. 00106

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM DIMOND

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Volume 1, Number 6 or 7 — Around August

THE DAILY RoachHolder

35 cents

"All the world's a stash!"



NEW LEFT TURN

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE



Floridation Linked to Right Wing Plot!
Christian Science Reading Rooms Revealed as CIA Fronts!
Concentration Camps Under Construction in Utica, New York; Oxnard, California; & Orlando, Florida!

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UP AGAINST THE WALL, REVISIONIST PAWNS!

by the Mau-Maoist Central Committee

All those who engage in sexual congress without the express purpose of procreation are betraying The Glorious Struggle Against the American Aggressors! All those who waste precious hours and energy frolicking in wanton abandon, when they should be working tirelessly to Smash the State, are nothing less than Unwitting Tools of the Capitalist Dogs! After the Inevitable Overthrow of the Decadent Bourgeoisie, these traitors shall be dealt with sternly! They shall be made to realize the folly of *(cont'd somewhere else)*

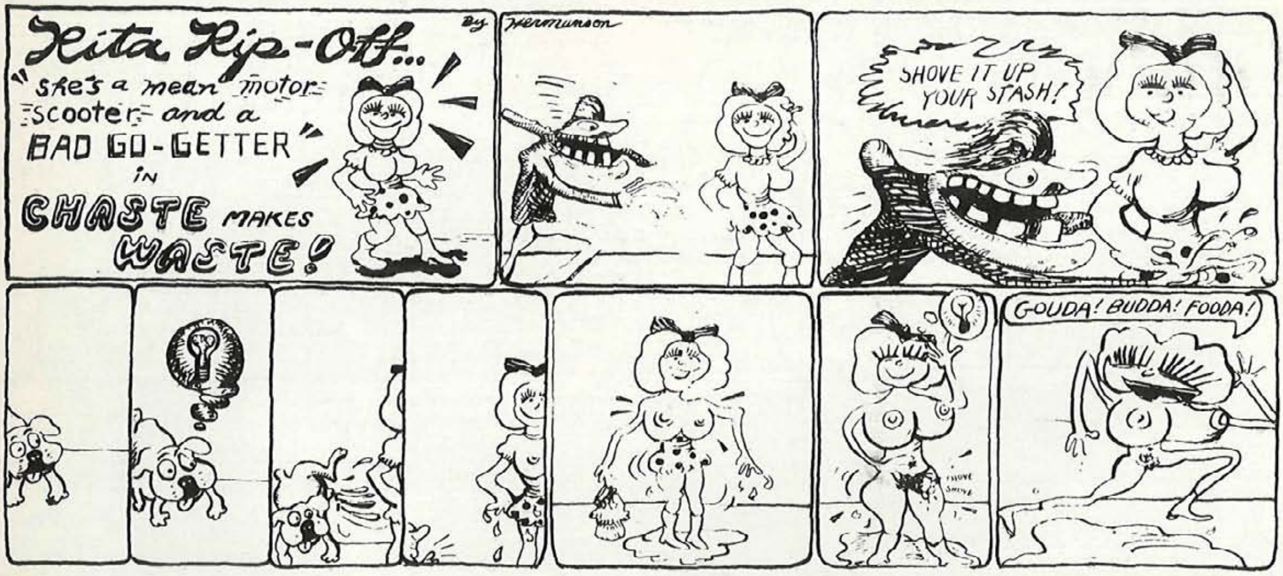


CORRECT THINKING

It takes so little to
KILL A PIG
And it means so much.
WON'T YOU HELP?



RUNNING DOG FLUNKIES OF WALL ST. PROFITEERS



THE DAILY Roach Holder

Staff: The real editor OD'd last week, so somebody else was filling in, but he got busted for a bomb plot and the associate editor split for the Coast and the assistant editor is on trial for wearing an American flag bodystocking and yesterday the GLF took over the office but they left after a while and some street people dropped by to paste-up but I'm so spaced out I can't remember their names. Maybe I'm the editor now . . .

All Power to the People!

Sandra Sanpuko

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Brothers & Sisters! Organizers for Saturday's massive confrontation predict a turnout of two million deeply committed revolutionaries! After the rally in the park, we will trash the shopping center, burn the stock exchange and fuck in the museums! But be ready for some heavy shit! The pigs will be out in force as well as 11,000 National Guardsmen, 3,000 Marine paratroopers, 6,500 Green Berets, the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service and the 4th Armored Division! I only wish I could be there to lead you, but my horoscope recommends that I lock all the doors and stay in bed!

Right On!

Hanoi Hank

LETTERS

Dear Mister Newspaperman,

I think there would be peace if everybody just got together and rapped with each other and we could smoke dope rolled in strawberry-flavored cigarette papers and make love in the park and listen to Buffy Sainte-Marie records and everybody would be happy and we could give each other all different colored jelly beans—red jelly beans and blue jelly beans and yellow jelly beans and pink jelly beans and black jelly beans and green jelly beans and brown jelly beans and orange jelly beans and white jelly beans and vermilion jelly beans and purple jelly beans and many other color jelly beans and everything would be groovy.

This is my plan for world peace.

Pax,

Marjorie Morningraga

P.S. I'm a Pisces!

Dear Daily Roach Holder,

The reason nobody who lives in the city can get his head together is that electricity leaks out of open sockets and is attracted by the nickel, cobalt and iron of the metal buildings which have magnetic properties. All this electricity acts like a huge magnet and destroys the natural flow of the electrical impulses of the nervous system making it impossible to think properly. This is why city dwellers become crazed and commit so many murders.

The reason people get their heads straight when they move to the country is that the natural flow of electrical impulses is restored because the buildings are mostly made of wood and the trees are wood, which is not magnetic, so that any leaked electricity is scattered by the wind.

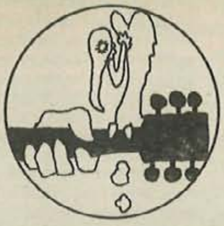
Tell your readers not to carry fountain pens.

Yours truly,

Commander Barkfeather

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THE MONTANA FESTIVAL



3 DAYS OF RAIN, MUD, AND NOT ENOUGH TOILETS . . . NO ONE WHO WAS THERE WILL EVER BE THE SAME



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB BAILEY

As you probably know, the Montana Festival, because of armed vigilantes who set up roadblocks at the Montana state line and shot to kill at anyone with hair longer than a crew cut, was actually held in a field near Union City, N.J.

The Festival lived up to its promise of three days of peace and love, save for nine people who were slain by the guards (right wing bikers called "Hitler's Heroes," who savagely attacked anyone within 150 feet of the band shell with chains, tire irons and zip guns), 26 who OD'd on bad smack, six suicides, three who were run over in their sleeping bags, 11 who perished from amateur abortions, and at least one teen-age girl who was kicked to death in a ritual murder.

Despite heavy rain, spirits ran high, even when it was announced that all the advertised groups and stars (Dylan, Havens, The Bee Gees, Baez, Procol Harum, MC 5, The Incredible String Band, The Stones, Leadbelly, and Joplin) would be unable to make it and the Festival promoters were substituting lesser known groups with far out names, groups like: Smiling Jack and the Cargo Cult, The Texas Schoolbook Depository, Bloodlust, The Exploding Parakeet, The Original Soundtrack, The Organic Egg Cream, Grope Therapy, Commander Barkfeather and the Viennese Radio Orchestra, The Cutting Edge, The Amphibious Flying Machine, Dogdish & Mudguard, The Victory Garden, Vince Speidel and the Pachucos, Sluggo and the Five-Cent Cigar, The Grass Menagerie, The Bell Telephone Hour, Heavy Water, The Stuffed Bedlington Terrier, The 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act, Unrequited Turnip, Buddhahead, The Lost Wax Process, The Cavendish Gang, and Rocco Flame-Fart and the Ultimate Death-Trip Chinese Icebox Jug Band. Later, even some of these groups refused to play when they discovered they wouldn't get paid because the Festival promoters split to Rio with the gate receipts, but most went on anyway, caught up in the infectious mood of good vibes and togetherness.

The first bust occurred only two minutes into the Festival when Dusty "Motown Mover" Faber, wearing wire-rimmed contact lenses and tie-dyed hair, exposed himself while singing the National Anthem.

Admittedly, the fact that there were only three Port-O-Sans for over 400,000 people did cause some inconvenience, but the turned-on mood prevailed and what might have become a hassle, since the diarrhea brought about by the polluted drinking water had incapacitated three-quarters of the crowd, was turned into (*continued*)

REVOLUTIONARY LEADER MURDERED BY FASCIST PIGS

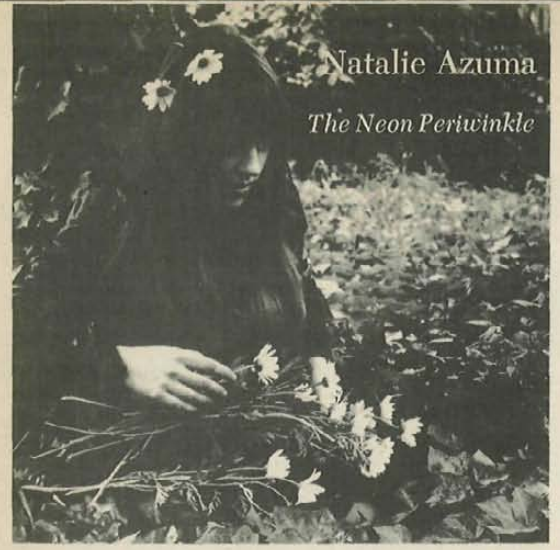
Word has reached us that Leon Trotsky, noted Marxist and champion of the people, has been brutally beaten to death in his Mexico City home by Ramon Mercader, a known CIA puppet. Details are being suppressed, but we hope to have the full story in our next issue.

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE URN!!

After meditating for 10,000 years, he flashes a brief enigmatic smile and reveals the key to all human thought, understanding and wisdom in a single phrase . . .



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Karma Kiss ECG 6119

Natalie Azuma is into her own head.
Sure, she's still going through changes,
but she got it together for

THE NEON PERIWINKLE
a bright kaleidoscope of shifting moods, iridescent poetry, vibrant shadows, haunting beauty and quiet wisdom that burns with a hard, gem-like flame . . . delicately interlaced with sorrow, love and joy . . .

Here's a sample.

To Echo in the Pinwheels of My Mind

Laughing girls pick wild-flowers
To while away the golden hours,
'Neath dancing rainbows in the skies
And dewdrops smile at butter-flies.
The minstrel strums his magic lute
And sings of starfish, still and mute;
The Bluebell with the rose entwined,
That echo in the pinwheels of my mind.

I dream of castles in the sand,
To hold a moonbeam in my hand
Like cotton candy dipped in foam,
A jewel-encrusted honeycomb.

The raven in the greenwood tree
Is cloaked in velvet just like me,
That gypsy caravans will find
To echo in the pinwheels of my mind.

Plus 9 more groovy new tracks including:

Mandolin Lane
Toy Balloons Play Hopscotch on My Heart
Petals
Hobbit Hootenanny
The Enchanted Carousels of Atlantis
&
Hi, There, Taffeta Ladybug!

It's a bittersweet tapestry of life itself.

available on
Karma Kiss Records

How to Make a Deadly Anti-Personnel Grenade from Your Old Flower-Child Paraphernalia in 3 Easy Steps:

1. Fill a Yoo Hoo chocolate beverage bottle half-full with layers of ammonium nitrate and potassium chlorate.
2. Fill remainder of bottle with shrapnel made from shattered granny glasses, unstrong love beads, stale jelly beans and crushed copies of Scott McKenzie's *Wear Some Flowers in Your Hair.*
3. Insert a fast fuse (paper flower) or a slow fuse (stick of white plum incense).

All Power to the People!

LEGALIZE
UROLAGNIA!!

New Legal High!
Smoke Lint!

Gather a good-sized handful of lint from under your bed or refrigerator and place it in a pan of Carnation Instant Breakfast. Boil for eight hours, stirring constantly. Let it sit for a week, at which time a blue-green fungus will have formed on top. Skim this off, turn it upside down and allow to dry. When completely dried, mix with equal parts of white pepper and powdered dandelion roots plus a dash of floor wax. Place the resulting mixture in a pipe and light up! Two tokes and you're wasted.

The secret of psychedelic lint was sent to us by a girl in Muir Woods who just stumbled on it by chance. She adds that if no powdered dandelion root is available, chipped beef and creamed potatoes will suffice.

All Power to the People!

Reprinted from *The San Francisco Bent Spoon*

Fed up with promo hypes, p.r. shucks and jive record ads?

Then meet Harold H. Speigalman.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB BAILEY

Harold H. Speigalman is

THE NEW INDIAN.

He has rejected middle-class values.
He has kicked establishment goal-oriented traditions into a cocked hat.

He wears a feather.
He lives alone in the desert.
He eats bark.

And this is his music—
raw, savage and . . . *outasite!*

Hear it all on THE UNCUT VIRGIN, a new release from Magic Twanger Ltd.

BONUS!

Included with each album you get a 16-page tracking guide to North American wildlife, instructions on how to make tom-toms from discarded wastepaper baskets, a cut-out Cherokee war party, two plastic whistles, a blacklight poster of arcane Zuni rebirth symbols, a "ME DIGGUM FIREWATER!" button, a pair of paper moccasins, an official "New Indian" identification card, a full-color photograph of Chief Thunderthud and an actual deed to one square inch of land at Little Big Horn!

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Dear Daily Roach Holder,

Everybody bad-mouths Nixon, forgetting that the invasion of Cambodia turns us on to all that beautiful Cambodian grass.

Hail to The Chief!
Stash McCall

!!!FREE!!! TOM MOONEY!!

DYNAMITE CONTEST!!



Don't Forget—Store horizontally, turn over every month (every 2 weeks in hot weather), and get rid of "sweating" sticks!

Win a FREE KITTEN for the best answer to the following question:

"What is Richard Nixon hiding in his cheeks?

Brillo pads? Tennis balls?? Casaba melons??? Send your entries to The Daily Roach Holder, c/o "Cheeks Contest." Results will be announced next month.

The winner of last month's contest—"Guess Pat Nixon's Sex"—was Marty Mandala of 2294 Bridge Street. Right on, Marty! Drop by the office and pick up your FREE KITTEN.

All Power to the People!

CHAUVINISTS DOOMED

"Male babies should be killed at birth," advised Women's Lib moderate Tri-City Acherson ("Tri-City" is a Bayou idiom for "bent shoe") in a speech delivered in the men's room of the Knights of Columbus to over a hundred female militants. She went on to advocate compulsory castration. "Cut the nasty things off!" the self-proclaimed Sapphist suggested. "Contrary to all those sexist psychiatrists, men are actually ashamed of their members. They'd prefer to resemble women—a perfectly natural desire which I call 'Venus envy.'"

Later, the group fire-bombed a sperm bank and, angered by police attempts to (continued on some other page)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Fun-loving couple interested in Yugoslavian culture, mild P&K, turkey suits, bra-swapping, and exotic water games. E-117

Send 50¢ for a "NO, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SPARE CHANGE!" button. E-118

"Come up and see my I Chings!" Learn how to score through Oriental mysticism. My booklet tells all. $1. E-120

Sea Bee wishes to meet male nurse. Object matrimony. No phonies please. Ronald. E-127

For Sale—slightly used orgone box. Best offer. E-129

DR. ZIG-ZAG'S DRUG MATCHING SERVICE—Whether your trip is grass, hash, peyote, acid, DMT, DET, STP, THC, snow, bennies, belladonna, epinephrine, ephedrine, caapi, meth, dex, yage, nembutal, luminal, seconal, amytal, doriden, librium, nutmeg, kat, equanil, opium, morphine, phencyclidine, smack or heavenly blues, Dr. Zig-Zag has the perfect mate for you. E-131

If everything belongs to the people and we're supposed to free ourselves from the property fetish, how come the only things ever offered free in these columns are kittens?

Wet Hosiery Aficionado would like to correspond with other wet hosiery aficionados. NO PRUDES! E-134

Electric vibrators in the shape of Aphobis, the Egyptian snake god. $7.95, batteries not included. E-135

Cynthia. Please come home. Granny is ill. We forgive you for sleeping with the colored man. Mom, Dad and "Bootsy."

Attention Leather Freaks! Opening soon—THE CUIR BAR! Watch for it!

WE'VE GOT DRAFT CARDS TO BURN! Be the star of the peace rally with our bogus draft cards. Look like the real thing. Dipped in wax to burn longer. 10 for $2. E-149

Just in at THE LESSER ARCANA Underground Boutique — a new shipment of our very own special djellabahs made entirely from hand-painted tuna fish cans. Not available elsewhere.

Necrophile seeks girl with low metabolism. E-152

LEARN TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE! Try this simple phrase—"Screw you, Fascist pig bastard!" You're on your way. With our easy 15-minutes-per-day Home Study Program, you'll soon master such seminal epithets as "Shove it, lackey of the ruling class!", "Up yours, dupe of the power brokers!", and even "What about your vested interests in racist South Africa and your CIA-financed Central American reigns of tyranny and oppression, imperialist swine under the thumb of the military-industrial complex?" Send 10¢ for details. The Berkeley Extension School. E-153

THE KIND MEN LIKE—naughty flip books starring "Porny" Pig, "Fugs" Bunny and Tricia Nixon. $1.25 a piece, $5 for six. E-154

HONKY HOSTS! Rent a token black militant for your next get together. Great prank to pull on your friends! White dissidents also available. Low hourly rate. E-166

Starting next week—cram course in Swedish for draft inductees by the author of CANADA ON $5 A DAY. E-170

JAPANESE gentleman would desire to meet RED CROSS army nurse *for sincere relationship.* E-172

Give Peace a Chance, Inc. now offers peace-symbol tie clasps, peace-symbol money clips, peace-symbol liquor caddies, peace-symbol bathroom scales, peace-symbol electric toasters, and many more. Send for our free catalog of over 15,000 peace-symbol items. E-179

For a slight fee, we will guarantee at least one obscene phone call per day, OFTEN AS MANY AS 10! Largest selection in country. Give us a try. E-182

WE'RE CARD CARRYING COMMUNE-ISTS!



Now at Your Newsstand!

Hump

"The Nation's No. I Pornpaper!"
published weekly by
DAILY ROACH HOLDER
—Featuring—

Chained WOMEN, Bound and Gagged WOMEN, Whipped WOMEN, Spanked WOMEN, Paddled WOMEN and Trussed WOMEN!





—Plus—

Nature Girl

"She's bio-degradable!"



—Plus—

Beulah Bondage

Docile, Dusky & Delightful!

—Plus—

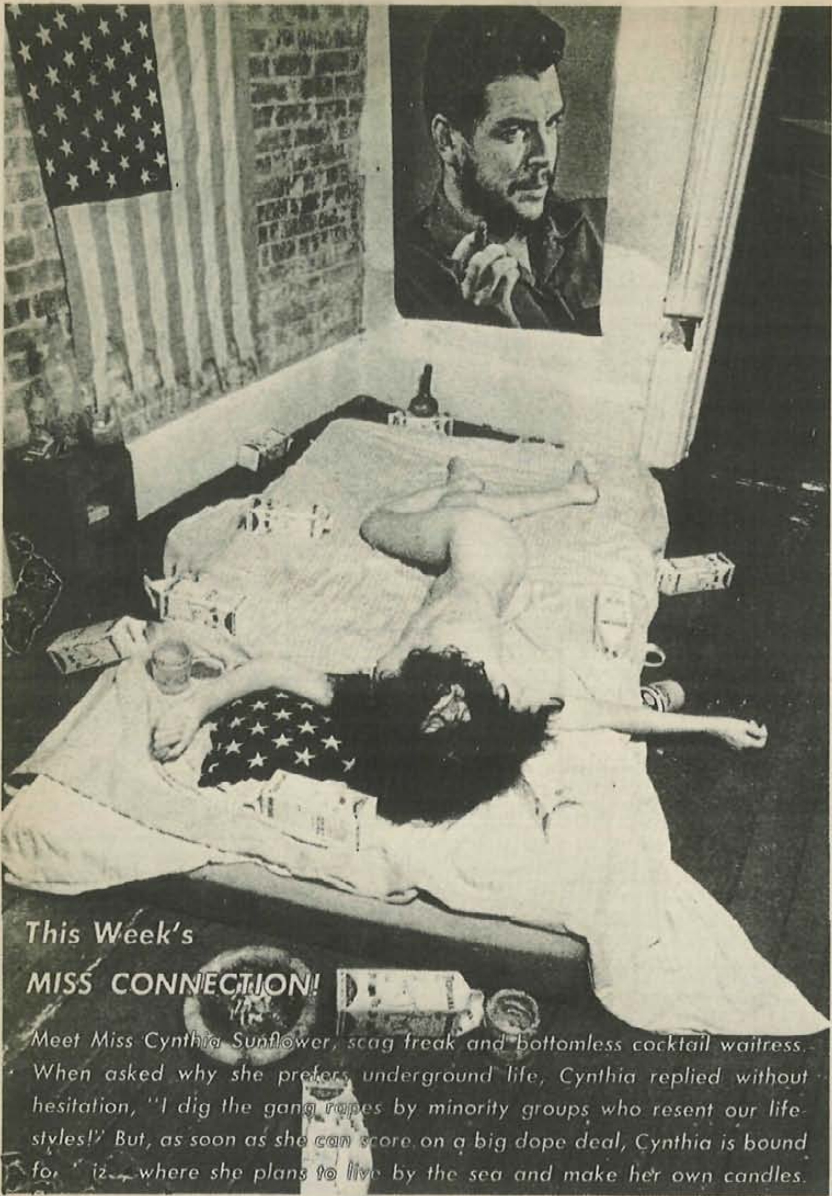
Much, Much More!

Don't Miss the New

Hump

It's a "Bargain Debasement" at 35¢!

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This Week's
MISS CONNECTION!

Meet Miss Cynthia Sunflower, scag freak and bottomless cocktail waitress. When asked why she prefers underground life, Cynthia replied without hesitation, "I dig the gang rapes by minority groups who resent our life-styles!" But, as soon as she can score on a big dope deal, Cynthia is bound fo... iz... where she plans to live by the sea and make her own candles.

THEY'D DO IT FOR A NICKEL!



Triple-X Rating!

Vicki had a dream . . . a dream that one day she would walk the streets and shack up in cheap motels! But, until then, she was just another one of

THE LAVATORY GIRLS

Rave Reviews:

"Utterly tasteless and without the slightest redeeming social values. I threw up all over my shoes."
The Sentinel-Dispatch

"The most disgusting thing I've ever seen . . . and I spent three years in Buchenwald!"
The Mercury-Examiner

Banned in Tijuana!!!

Starts Thursday at the Blue Moon Cinema

The Underground Gourmand recommends

The Crèche Diet

We serve only pumpkin seeds tempura grown by emasculated Tantric Buddhist monks in the rain forests of southern Nepal . . .

open until midnight

WHAT'S GOING DOWN



by Georgette Metesky

Lazlo Böjhako's show at the Tao Chemical Gallery successfully bridges the gap between pop and conceptual art. He displays only one work, an 18-foot-high pile of Nabisco's shredded wheat called "Untitled." As you'll remember, Lazlo's 1967 show consisted of one 18-foot-high pile of Wheaties entitled "Breakfast of Champions." Who says Americans can't reach satori!

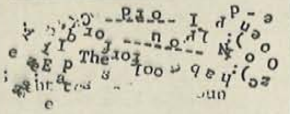
Best Bet! The Lavatory Girls, now playing at the Blue Moon Cinema, delivers a no-punches-pulled look at the nitty-gritty. A fine cast, but Dick the Donkey steals the show.

The Tokeboard—trading light to moderate in speed, halucinogens fell sharply over last week, and barbiturates are holding.

J. J. crucified 40 chickens in his Antwerp happening. I knew he'd cop out.

"1-2-3-4! We don't want your fucking War-hol!" chanted cinema activists at the premiere of Airplane, the avant-garde flick that turns the tables on in-flight movies and records an actual L.A.-to-Cleveland trip on United Airlines flight 461. From stack-up to touch-down, it's unvarnished reality all the way with passengers improvising such surefire dialogue as: "Would you mind turning that light off . . . I'm trying to go to sleep!"; "Are you absolutely certain you don't have a copy of Town & Country?"; "The pommes de terre duchesse tastes like papier-maché!"; and "Captain! Captain! The wiffy's overflowing!"

I'm reprinting a page from T.C.B.'s new book of "pre-stressed concrete poetry" in which she publishes her Ko-Rec-Type sheets. This sheet is titled coffee groun:



Read them all in **CATERPILLAR BLOOD**, available from Stop-Me-Before-I-Kill-Again Press at $45 a copy.

Warning! Despite all you may have heard, shooting Preparation H is a bum trip.

The new West Coast term for "joint" is "rabbit," "lid" has been changed to "card," and "burn artist" has become "flame fiend." As you know, Californians spend most of their time thinking up new names for dope.

Dont miss **KNOCKERS**, the new movie that employs one 37-hour close-up of sock-o-delic superstar Camilla Nesselrode's tits . . . dynamite photography (the cameraman has Parkinson's disease), haunting score (a tape loop of the heartbeat of a muskrat) and some off-the-wall surprises (please don't reveal the last 281 minutes) . . .

"Burning Spear" Nkrumah writes that "lipstick is the blood of the oppressed on the mouths of the idle rich!"

If you haven't already got one, pick up a copy of Matching Sock's latest album, *Homage to Milton Eisenhower*. It's worth it, if only for the 32-minute cut of the junkie tap-dancing on the sitar. A friend claims it even tops their first album, *Promotional Copy—Not for Sale*, with that famous 19-minute cut where they double-clutch a '52 De Soto.

All Power to the People!

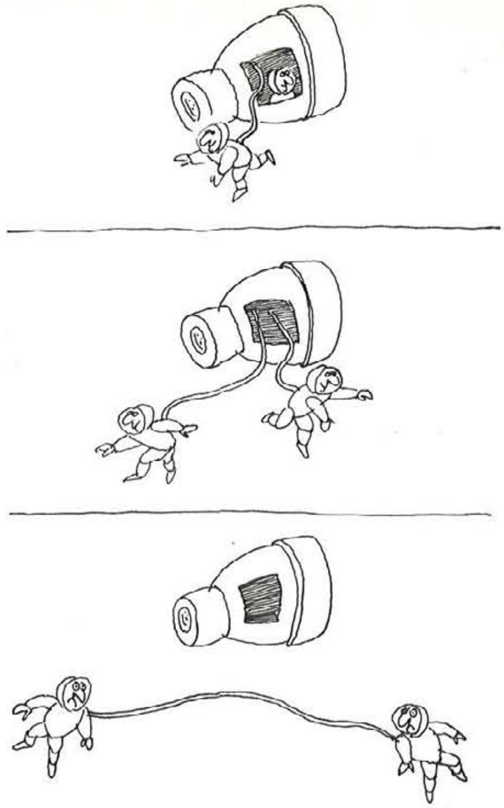
DYING? Take a pig with you!

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Paranoia

By Picha

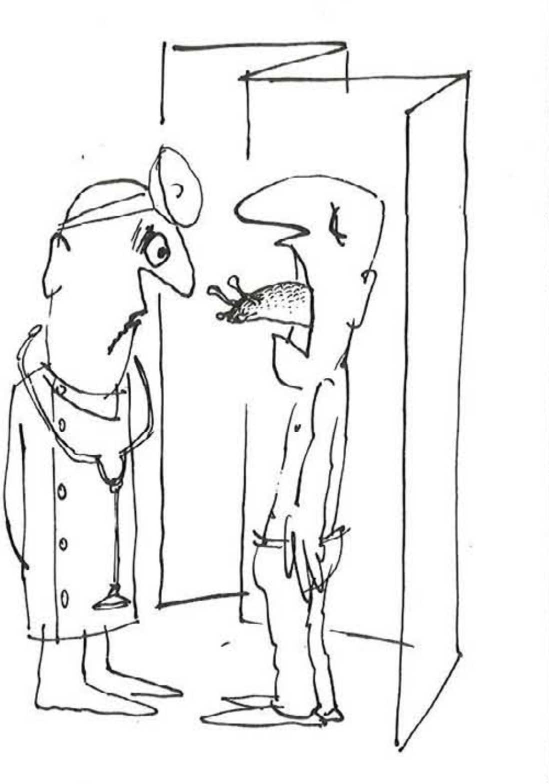
Belgium is a small country between France and that kidney-shaped thing doctors advise you to have removed as soon after birth as possible. Until 1939, it was the world's largest supplier of vulcanized lampblack and emery wheels, but, since the war, inept leadership has made it the world's largest supplier of ballpoint pen clips. In 1362, Pippin the Silly called Belgium "the most boring country in the world." In 1957, John Foster Dulles called it "the most boring country on the planet." Things don't change very fast in Belgium. Its inhabitants are noted for their *raison d'etre* (raisin bran) and *frites* (Belgian fries). Its most famous artist is Picha (literally, "he who knew the oysters well at one time.") He is nuts. □



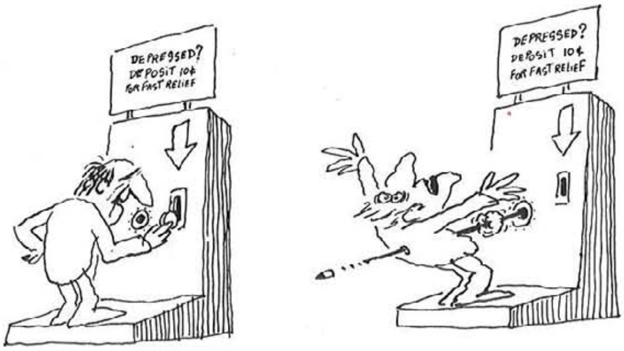


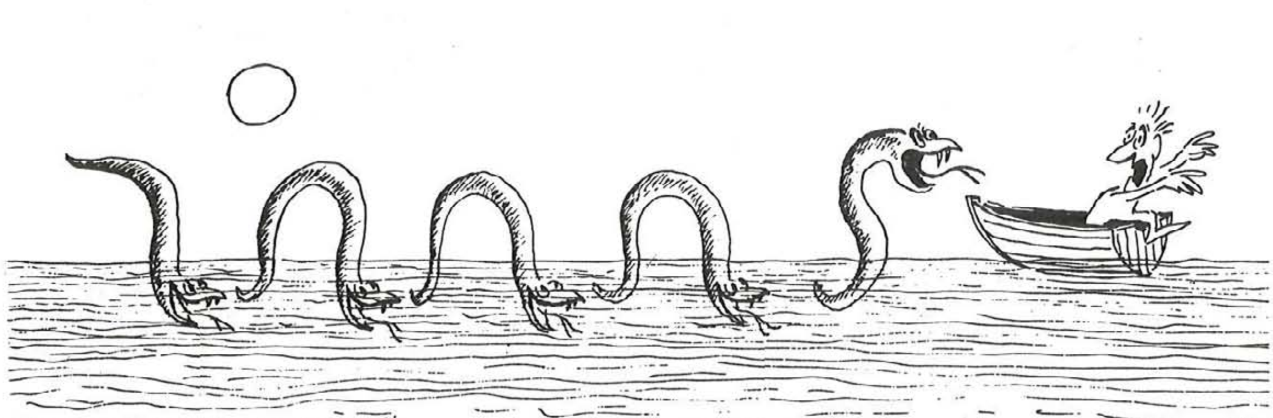


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IS NIXON DEAD?

BY DON PIERCE

Newly Uncovered Evidence Points to an Imposter in the White House

On January 20, 1969, the 37th President of the United States was duly sworn in before millions of American viewers. His face, long familiar to the American public, quivered solemnly as he vowed to uphold the Constitution of the United States and serve his country to the best of his ability.

This man had fought a long and bitter campaign not only against Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace but against an old public image that had depicted him as cold, self-pitying and a somewhat ruthless politician. Thus, the candidate was presented as a "New Nixon," a man with the same face but a radically different character. From coast to coast, the New Nixon campaigned vigorously with his new image – and ultimately, he succeeded.

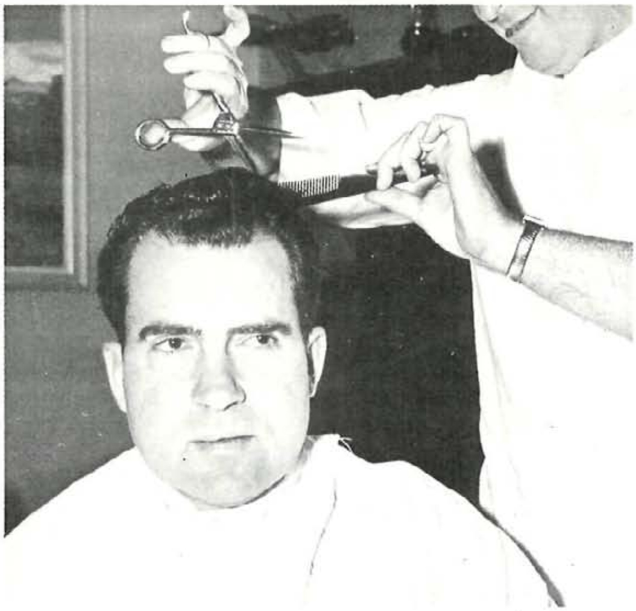
Now, evidence has recently been brought to light explaining this remarkable change: The Old Nixon was kidnaped and/or eliminated, and the New Nixon may be nothing more than a nefarious imposter, foisted upon a gullible American public by unnamed (and possibly foreign!) interests! At this very moment, an insidious power may have succeeded where other subversives have failed, by actually placing a double in the position of Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces!

If this sounds farfetched, ask yourself these seven questions:

1. Why did the Old Nixon always lose elections?
2. Would the Old Nixon appear on *Laugh-In?*
3. Did the Old Nixon foresee his impending doom when, in 1966, he stated to California reporters, "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore, gentlemen, *because this is my last press conference*"? (Italics ours.)
4. As a Quaker, the Old Nixon was forbidden "the taking of oaths." How is it, then, that the New Nixon *blithely sacrileged his own religion* on January 20, 1969?
5. Why has the CIA staunchly refused to exhume Nixon's dog Checkers? (Is there any significance to the fact that "Checkers" and "Milhous" *both have almost the same number of letters?*)
6. What explains the disappearance of Silas Benson, winner of the 1967 Nixon Look-Alike Contest?
7. It is just a coincidence that the New Nixon exclusively wears Botany 500 suits and that the slain Mexican revolutionary hero Zapata was found with *exactly 500 bullet holes in his lifeless corpse?*

The pattern holds together. Study the following exhibits and you will agree that this man, whoever he is, *must be stopped before it's too late!*

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As a bright and energetic Commie-hunter, the young Vice-President was careful of his appearance, cutting his hair regularly.

But this New Nixon favors the same wild and unruly locks worn by those who would overthrow our government by rioting, violence and disorder!

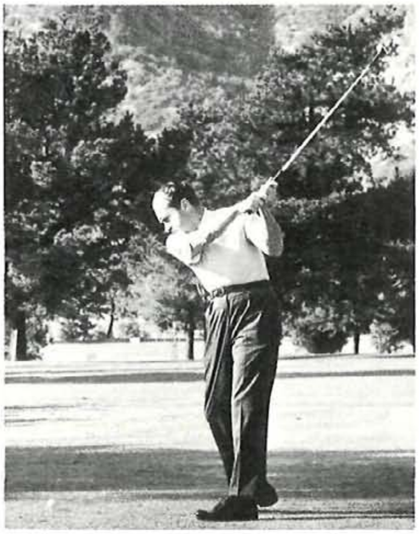




In the 1950's, the Old Nixon was known and loved for his large repertoire of patriotic and sentimental songs.

Why, then, in 1970, must the President be coached to perform the simplest tunes by the unidentified piano instructor at left?





In 1960, the Old Nixon was famous for his right-handed, Ike-style golf swing.

But, in 1970, this completely unretouched photograph reveals that the New Nixon swing has switched radically (and suspiciously) to the left!

PHOTOS: UPI

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As Vice-President, the Old Nixon was always accompanied by his closest childhood friend, Chester Dowd (center).



As the New Nixon was sworn in, was Dowd (center) trying to subtly tip off a credulous American public through his own flamboyant disguise?

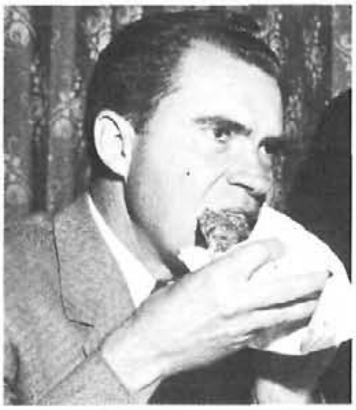


Why is the New Nixon "up" on all the latest, subversive teen-age dances?



What is the significance of the fact that Silas Benson, West Virginia coal miner and winner of the 1967 Nixon Look-Alike Contest, has not been heard from in three years?

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In the 1950's, the Old Nixon was known for his hearty appetite and good old American readiness to dig in to good American food.
Now, the New Nixon, not unlike certain Oriental fanatics and ascetics, sips foreign teas and refuses to take American victuals even in public!





Are Nixon's own children sworn to secrecy about this fiendish ruse under pain of torture and death?



Next Month:
Is Peter Max Really George Harrison?



PHOTO: BOB ALTMAN COURTESY OF ROLLING STONE

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What is Your G.Q.?



Job with his Accusers, William Blake

THE GUILT TEST

the veiled regions of the psyche exposed

by Sean Kelly and Michel Choquette

Guilt is the basic motivating factor in all human activity. Everybody knows that. Freud knew it. Your mother knew it. Leading psychologists and editors know it. Isn't it time you knew it too?

Take racial prejudice, for example. Feeling guilty makes you hate yourself. Hating yourself makes you hate everybody else. Hating everybody else makes you feel guilty, which, in turn, makes you hate yourself even more. Truly a vicious circle.

Unexamined guilt pervades every sphere of your daily activities. It poisons your business and social life, driving you compulsively into opera houses, churches and saloons. It is guilt that makes you a status seeker, a nervous nellie, a lousy lover and constipated.

But it is not too late. Guilt, if recognized in time, can be cured. This scientific test has been developed to help you ascertain your own Guilt Quotient, hereinafter referred to as GQ.

This could be the first step on the way to a new guilt-free *you*. You have nothing to lose but your conscience. And remember. . . . you're only as guilty as you feel.

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Follow instructions carefully. Score yourself in the spaces provided at the end of each section. Your GQ will be based on your *total* score. The higher your score is, the guiltier you are.

We trust you. Assign yourself the number of guilt points you honestly deserve. Remember that if you cheat, you are only cheating yourself, *and you will feel even guiltier*.

VOCABULARY GUILT

Certain words or phrases can make you cringe with guilt, especially when you find yourself using them.

A. TONGUE BITERS

1. Say these phrases aloud, supplying the missing words.

a. "Eeney meeney miney mo, catch a _______ by the toe."
b. "The only good _______ is a dead _______."
c. "He _______ed me out of some money."
d. "As _______ as a three dollar bill."
e. "No tickee, no _______."
f. "Let one _______ in, and there goes the neighborhood."
g. "_______ breed like rabbits."
h. "_______ are just like monkeys."
i. "_______ are okay except in numbers."
j. "_______ are always thinking about money."

Score:
5 points for each word that sprang to your lips _______

2. Circle **S** or **I**, to indicate whether you are **shocked** or **indifferent** when you catch yourself saying:

S I a. *"See what I mean?"* to a blind man.
b. *"That's damn white of you,"* to a colored person.
S I c. *"That's a pretty lame excuse,"* to a cripple.
S I d. *"I've got a hunch,"* to a hunchback.
S I e. *"I want those windows spick and span,"* to a Puerto Rican janitor.
S I f. *"I told the bugger to kiss off,"* to a Greek sailor.
S I g. *"Come on, shake a leg,"* to a spastic caught in a turnstile.
S I h. *"I don't remember your name, but your face seems familiar,"* to someone with galloping acne.

Score:
5 points for each **"S"** _______
10 points for each **"I"** _______

Bonus Score:
Add 5 points if you have ever called anyone you were in bed with by anyone else's name. _______
Subtract 5 points if you are brave enough to use the word "niggardly" when speaking to a huge illiterate negro. _______
Add 10 points if you failed to wince at the words "colored person." _______

B. IMMATURITY TEST

1. Check the word in the right-hand column which you most closely associate with the word in the left-hand column:

a. balls
☐ formal dances
☐ billiards
☐ other

b. snatch
☐ theft
☐ fragment of song
☐ other

c. fruit
☐ apple
☐ offspring
☐ other

d. screw
☐ carpentry
☐ ship's propeller
☐ other

e. tool
☐ hammer
☐ dupe
☐ other

f. crabs
☐ crustaceans
☐ grouchy people
☐ other

Score:
5 points for each "other" _______

2. In the following excerpts from English literature, circle the words that still make you giggle:

a. My tale is of a cock, as ye may hear. (Chaucer)
b. A Gentle Knighte was pricking on the plaine. (Spenser)
c. How brave a prospect is a bright backside! (Vaughan)
d. Their ancient glittering eyes are gay. (Yeats)
e. Methought I was enamour'd of an ass. (Shakespeare)
f. I love my wee pussy,
Her coat is so warm (Mother Goose)
g. Tit willow, tit willow, tit willow. (Gilbert and Sullivan)
h. The sear faggot blazes bright. (Keats)

Score:
5 points each circled word _______
10 points bonus if you circled "Goose" _______

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GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The more you know, the less you can plead ignorance. Let's see if your mind is as foul as your mouth.

A. SOME OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS

Which groups do you associate with the following?

1. garlic ________
2. greasy hair ________
3. sweat ________
4. pointed shoes ________
5. flashy clothes ________
6. white sheets and crosses ________
7. gold Cadillacs ________
8. thick lips and flat noses ________
9. horny ________
10. beards and shaggy hair ________
11. barefoot and smelly ________
12. love grass, high all the time ________
13. tiny eyes and pigtails ________
14. lisping and mincing ________

Score:
5 points each, no matter what you answered ________

B. TRUE OR FALSE

Circle **T** or **F.** Answer quickly.

T F 1. Negroes are almost as smart as Spics.
T F 2. Hotels expect you to steal towels.
T F 3. Cuba should increase its sugar crop.
T F 4. War cuts unemployment.
T F 5. Stupidity is more hereditary than intelligence.
T F 6. Bob Hope is a political satirist.
T F 7. All ballet dancers are queer.
T F 8. If she doesn't, she's frigid; if she does, she's easy.
T F 9. Polack jokes are funnier than sick jokes.
T F 10. Overtipping is worse than undertipping, and vice versa.
T F 11. Mason Williams is a Renaissance Man.

Score:
10 points for each **F** ________
10 points for each **T** ________

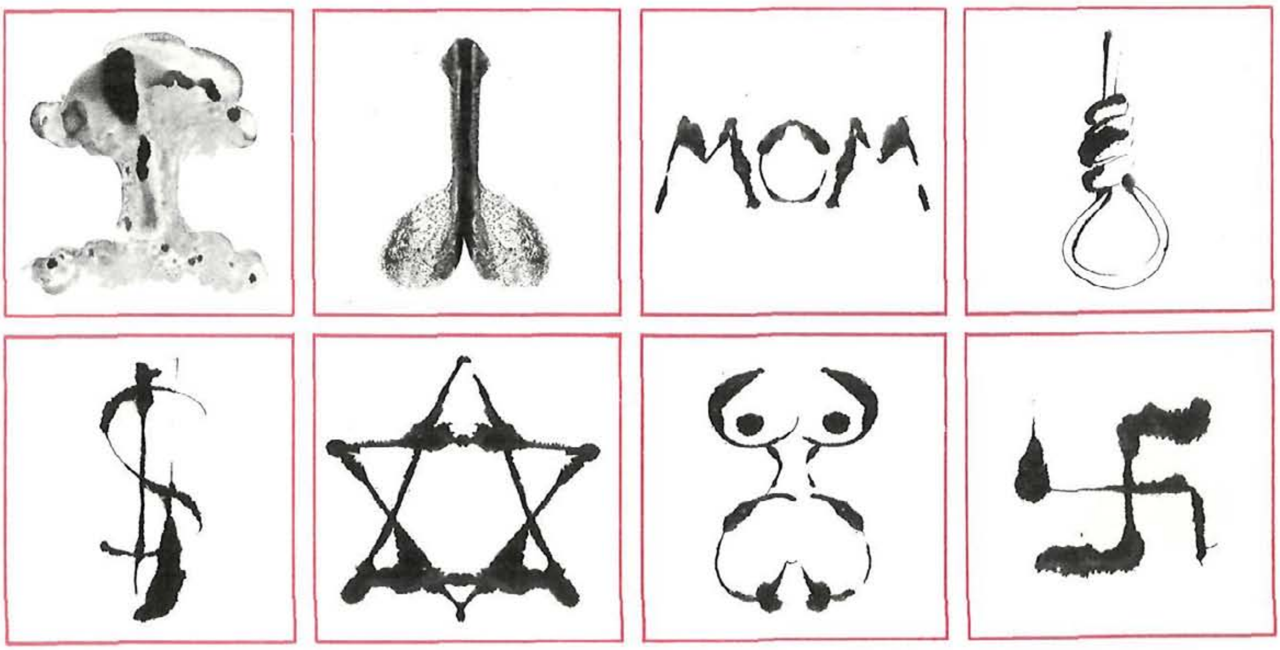
SUBCONSCIOUS GUILT

Even people who appear to be immune to guilt are frequently seething oceans of it, just below the surface. How about *you?*

A. HIDDEN MEANINGS

Study each ink blot carefully. Take your time. What image or idea does it call to mind? Write answers below.

If Irish, you may skip this part of the test unless your great-grandfather was in any way connected with the railroads.



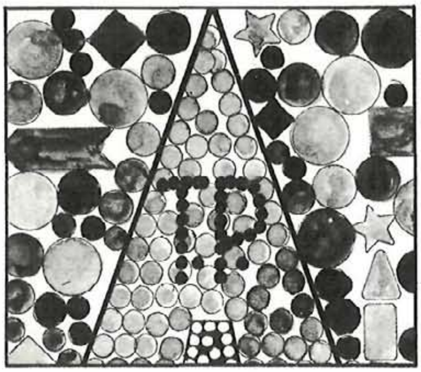
Score:
50 points if you like what you see ________

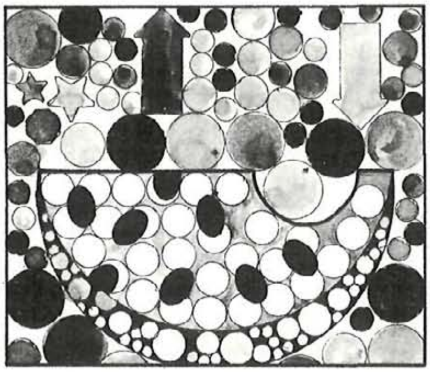
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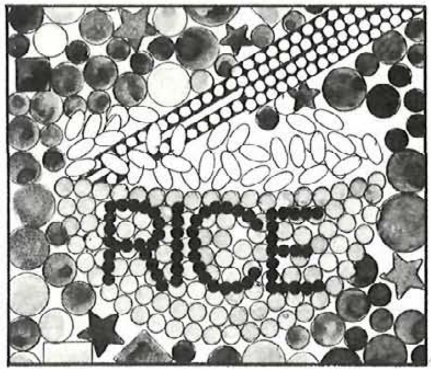
B. COLOR-BLINDNESS TEST

What do you see in these three squares?

Midwesterners of German extraction are asked to indicate their favorite in the Arab-Israeli war and to award themselves 5 or 10 points accordingly.







Score:
20 points if you couldn't find the Green Beret ________

C. SECRET DESIRES

Study the following illustrations. Then, in each case, check the comment which best expresses your feelings:



- ☐ pathetic
- ☐ story of my life
- ☐ both



- ☐ pathetic
- ☐ story of my life
- ☐ both

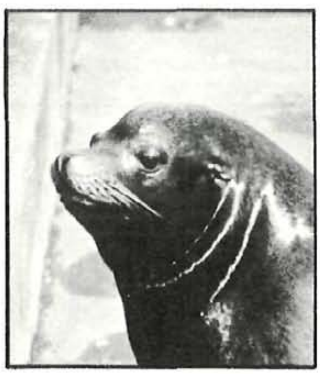


- ☐ makes me laugh
- ☐ story of my life
- ☐ both

Score:
Any answer good enough for 5 points ________

D. CREATIVE WRITING

Write a short story involving the four objects pictured here.









Score:
Subtract 10 points if your story has a happy ending

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CULTURE GUILT

Clever people have known for years that cultural interests and preferences are an index of personal guilt problems.

Your responses to the following questions will tell us more about you than you will ever know.

A. Which of the following lines would you like to see deleted from *The Merchant of Venice?*

- ☐ "I hate him for he is a Christian" (I, iii)
- ☐ "Certainly the Jew is the very Devil incarnation" (II, ii)
- ☐ "Mislike me not for my complexion" (II, i)

B. Which of these book titles do you prefer to the original?

- ☐ *The African of the Narcissus* (Conrad)
- ☐ *The Hebrew of Malta* (Marlowe)
- ☐ *Homosexual Tales* (Hans Christian Anderson and The Brothers Grimm)

C. On the money you paid to see *Oh! Calcutta!*, a child in Calcutta could survive for:

- ☐ 3 weeks
- ☐ 3 months
- ☐ 3 years

D. The Virgin of Guadalupe is:

- ☐ a dashboard ornament
- ☐ a frustrated woman
- ☐ a 10-year-old Mexican girl who can still outrun her brother



E. 1. What great story does this illustration remind you of?

- ☐ *Othello*
- ☐ *Gone with the Wind*
- ☐ *Little Black Sambo*

2. If you answered *Little Black Sambo*, what do you remember about the plot?

- ☐ weak
- ☐ Aunt Jemima was in it
- ☐ animals ridiculed

F. Which of these literary figures has amused children with his nonsense?

- ☐ Edward Lear
- ☐ King Lear
- ☐ Timothy Leary

G. Which of the following great musicians suffered a tragic loss of hearing?

- ☐ von Beethoven
- ☐ Van Cliburn
- ☐ Van Gogh

H. For entertainment you prefer:

- ☐ looking at them constructing a building
- ☐ looking at them tearing down a building
- ☐ looking at them "doing it" through the window of a building

If you are of French descent, stop arguing and just answer the questions.

THE FINE ART OF GUILT

Without guilt there would be no art. The Master himself (if you do not know who The Master is, add 10 points) demonstrated that art, like religion, is a direct result of neurotic disturbances caused by guilt.

Furthermore, the primary function of art is to arouse guilt in the viewer.

To answer this section, imagine it is a Sunday afternoon too rainy to go anywhere. You have decided to make your annual pilgrimage to the museum.

A. MUSEUM CHECKLIST

Indicate which of these rings a bell.

- ☐ "We really should come here more often."
- ☐ "The museum needs money. I never give a penny, but I always get in for free."
- ☐ "The DO NOT TOUCH signs don't apply to people who really appreciate art, do they?"
- ☐ "Did the guard hear me when I said Botticelli instead of Renoir?"
- ☐ "I could really go for a juicy steak right now."
- ☐ "Hope I find the armor before my feet give out."

Score:

5 points each ______

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B. PORTRAITS

Which of these two animals most deserves to be punished for your sins?

All questions must be answered. Italians are reminded that this is one time when they cannot plead the Fifth Amendment.



☐ *The Scapegoat*, W. Holman Hunt

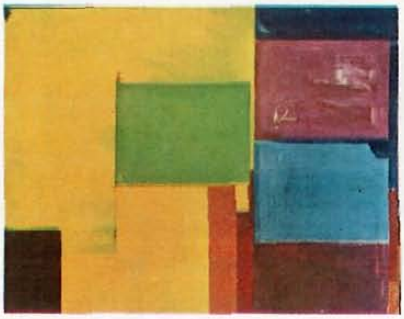


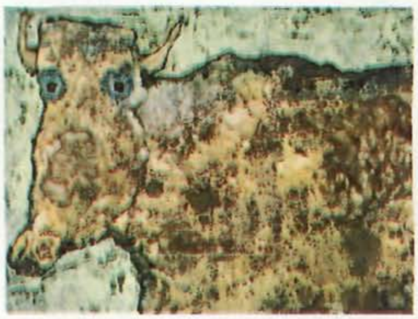
☐ *Dog*, Francis Bacon

Score:
10 points for either one
25 points if you checked both ________

C. I KNOW WHAT I LIKE

Indicate the response which comes closest to your own immediate reaction:

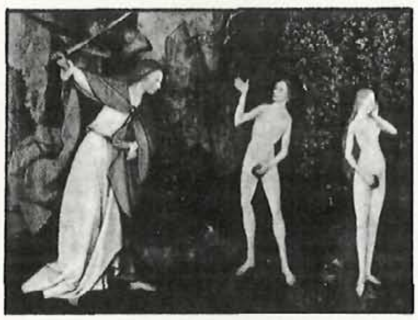




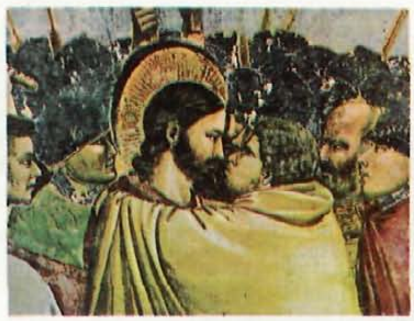


1. *Veluti in Speculum*, Hans Hofmann
   - ☐ fake
   - ☐ upside-down
   - ☐ sideways
2. *Cow with the Subtile Nose*, Jean Dubuffet
   - ☐ mo-moo
   - ☐ tits
   - ☐ juicy steak
3. *Japanese Women*, Suzuki Harunobu
   - ☐ Pearl Harbor
   - ☐ Hiroshima
   - ☐ sideways

Which of these paintings could any 3-year-old do blind folded?
☐ Veluti ☐ cow







4. *The Expulsion of Adam and Eve*, Hieronymus Bosch
   - ☐ landlord
   - ☐ crabs
   - ☐ urban renewal
5. *Flagellants*, Chronicle of Constance
   - ☐ British school system
   - ☐ computer dating
   - ☐ Catholics
6. *The Betrayal of Christ*, Giotto
   - ☐ hippies!
   - ☐ Jews!
   - ☐ queers!

Score:
50 points if you skipped ahead to this part of the test because of the pretty colors ________

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D. ART AND YOUR SOCIAL CONSCIENCE



1. *The Dancer's Reward*, Aubrey Beardsley



2. *Women with a Parrot*, Gustave Courbet



3. *Marriage of Giovanni and Giovanna*, Jan Van Eyck



4. *Guernica*, Pablo Picasso



5. *Cavalry Charge on the Southern Plains*, Frederic Remington



6. *The Prodigal Son*, Hieronymus Bosch

Write in the number of the painting which best expresses the aims and activities of the following guilt relief organizations:

Planned Parenthood ________
Women's Liberation Front ________
Audubon Society ________
Red Cross ________
Home for Little Wanderers ________
Patrolmen's Benevolent Society ________

Score:
50 points each, if you wrote:
"juicy steak" for #1
"computer dating" for #2
"Catholics" for #3
"moo-moo" for #4
"pigs!" for #5
"hippies!" for #6 __________

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JURY DUTY

These people are clearly suffering from overwhelming guilt feelings. But are they *really* as guilty as they feel?
Your judgments will inevitably indicate your own secret perversions and fears. But do not be inhibited by this. Check the box which seems appropriate.

A. **Myra G.** Jewish mother. Secretly uses dehydrated chicken soup. Feels this is the reason why her son is a homosexual and her daughter is living with a Roman Catholic priest.

☐ guilty
☐ not guilty
☐ she thinks *she's* got problems

B. **Bryan W.** California surfer. Found the perfect wave off Coney Island but has kept it to himself in order not to blow his image.

☐ guilty ☐ not guilty ☐ wipeout

C. **Alan R.** Draft dodger. Sociology student who defected to Canada, then to Sweden. Contracted frostbite in both countries, and has found the people boring and stuffy. Misses confrontation politics and can't seem to find a real cup of coffee.

☐ traitor ☐ expatriate ☐ tourist

D. **Oreo W.** Aspiring black militant. Author of several widely used graffiti. Flunked out of three Black Studies programs and a karate course. Wears shark's-teeth necklace and dashiki over J. Press sport slacks, and can still locate the part in his Afro.

☐ guilty ☐ passing ☐ nigger!

E. **Casimir S.** Life member of the *Polish Order of Loyal American Citizens*. After 25 years as a hog butcher in Chicago, has developed a pronounced repugnance for all meat except chicken wings. As a consequence, completely disgraced himself at last year's *P.O.L.A.C. Beer and Sausage Feast.*

☐ guilty ☐ Polish ☐ soul brother

F. **Chief Crazy H.** Full-blooded Cherokee. Delighted with buffalo herd and archery instructors supplied by Federal Government to revive his tribe's hunting instincts. Nearby movie house proprietor gives him discount on Westerns in which Indians lose. Beginning to feel sympathy for D.A.R. position on Custer massacre.

☐ guilty ☐ drunken
☐ guilty with reservations

G. **Bertrand van T.** Poet-in-residence at New England girls' college. First book compared to W. H. Auden and selected to represent Northeastern U.S. at Oslo Book Fair. Having difficulty completing his *Neo-Classicism and The Great Tradition*, as he fears Simon and Garfunkel have said it all. Every night he dreams of singing rock songs to screaming co-eds.

☐ guilty ☐ not guilty ☐ typical

Score:
5 points for each "guilty" ______
10 points for each "not guilty" ______
50 points for any other choice ______

Bonus Score:
If you laughed at "guilty with reservations" give yourself another 100 points.
______

SHOCK THERAPY

This usually works.

Study the circle for 30 seconds under a bright light. Then cover it up and see how many items you can forget.



Score:
If nothing sticks in your mind, stare into the bright light until it hurts.

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LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT

By now it must be clear to you that the reason you feel guilty all the time is that you *are* guilty all the time. You've done one foolish thing after another for most of your life.

If you are still not convinced, this last and most rigorous part of the test should show you exactly why your fellow man despises you so.

A. Admit, you bastard, that you

- ☐ Thought Floyd Patterson was a credit to his race.
- ☐ Wanted Peter Townsend to marry Princess Margaret.
- ☐ Thought Peter, Paul and Mary were telling it like it was.
- ☐ Were disappointed when you found out it wasn't the same Lassie all the time.
- ☐ Paid to see *Cleopatra*.
- ☐ Thought the Stones copied the Beatles.
- ☐ Wait for accidents at auto races.
- ☐ Thought Norman Rockwell was a great artist.
- ☐ Pretended to get high the first time you smoked pot.
- ☐ Never heard of Arthur C. Clarke before *2001*.
- ☐ Fell asleep at *Last Year at Marienbad*.
- ☐ Often say, "I never watch TV."
- ☐ Still remember the words to Perry Como's *Hot Diggity Dog*.
- ☐ Once put pennies in your loafers.
- ☐ Thought Dylan was a lousy singer.
- ☐ Only realized it wasn't the *same* Senator McCarthy after he'd won in New Hampshire.
- ☐ Wanted the rabbit to get some Trix.
- ☐ Felt Lenny Bruce had gone too far.
- ☐ Call the squirrels over even when you have no peanuts.
- ☐ Always agree with know-it-all cab drivers.
- ☐ Thought Harry Belafonte was handsome enough to be white.
- ☐ Wouldn't know where to start at an orgy.
- ☐ Thought Burt Lancaster was a great acrobat.
- ☐ Knew all jazz musicians were dope addicts.
- ☐ Were shocked when you found out your favorite jazz musician was a dope addict.
- ☐ Wouldn't miss the Academy Awards.
- ☐ Think Nazi uniforms were sharp.
- ☐ Have tried to smell your own breath.
- ☐ Were shocked when Jackie married Onassis.
- ☐ Pretend not to notice horny dogs.

B. If left wing, confess you

- ☐ Thought demonstrations against the Korean War were unpatriotic.
- ☐ Don't remember that there were any demonstrations against the Korean War.
- ☐ Thought Tom Dooley was doing a wonderful job in Laos.
- ☐ Think that people who are down on dope are hiding from themselves.
- ☐ Still laugh at L'il Abner.
- ☐ Own a *Reader's Digest* condensed book.
- ☐ Admired Eric Hoffer.
- ☐ Think *We Shall Overcome* is a monotonous song.

C. If right wing, confess you

- ☐ Laugh at Charlie Chaplin movies.
- ☐ Smoke Cuban cigars when you can get them.
- ☐ Are turned off by Kate Smith.
- ☐ Could easily overlook Jane Fonda's politics.
- ☐ Have pictured yourself leading guerillas through the Bolivian jungles.
- ☐ Wonder if hippies have more fun.
- ☐ Think that Abbie Hoffman is a better speaker than Spiro Agnew.

D. If male, admit that you

- ☐ Have said "I buy *Playboy* for the articles."
- ☐ Thought Annette Funicello was pretty sexy.
- ☐ Used to look for skin in *Coronet Magazine*.
- ☐ Are bothered by the thought of any chick you know even slightly doing it with anybody but you.
- ☐ Don't think chicks dig it, really.

E. If female, admit that you

- ☐ Don't really dig it.
- ☐ Once owned a muu-muu.
- ☐ Thought of applying for a job as an airline stewardess.
- ☐ Are not quite secure enough to laugh off remarks like the one before the muu-muu.
- ☐ Think that your breasts are too small or too big.
- ☐ Are still thinking about that remark.

F.

- ☐ If Jewish, admit that you think Israel is a great place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

G.

- ☐ If Black, admit that five years ago you didn't know there were any Moslems in Africa.

If you are of Chinese parentage, make sure that you are not holding this magazine upside down.

Greeks who eat regularly in snack bars owned by their relatives have suffered enough and may move on to the next section.

Score:

5 points for each box checked ________

Bonus Score:

If you do not know what the Korean War was, learn to respect your elders and add 10 points ________

If you didn't know that Dylan Thomas sang, drop acid and give yourself another 10 points ________

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THIS IS YOUR G.Q.

Wait! Turn this over only when you have completed the test.

1. Answers

If you still think you know all the answers, add 200 points

A. TONGUE BITERS: Eeney meeney miney mo, catch a *tiger* by the toe; the only good *cockroach* is a dead *cockroach;* he *cheated* me out of some money; as *phony* as a three dollar bill; no tickee, no *flied lice;* let one *termite* in, and there goes the neighborhood; *hamsters* breed like rabbits; *apes* are just like monkeys; *lottery tickets* are okay except in numbers; *you* are always thinking about money;

B. SOME OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS: garlic: *vampires;* greasy hair: *garage mechanics;* sweat: *athletes;* pointed shoes: *elves;* flashy clothes: *clowns;* white sheets and crosses: *Catholic housewives;* gold Cadillacs: *wealthy shieks;* thick lips and flat noses: *prizefighters;* horny: *goats;* beards and shaggy hair: *goats;* barefoot and smelly: *goats;* love grass, high all the time: *mountain goats;* tiny eyes and pigtails: *pigs;* lisping and mincing: *Castilian butchers.*

If you read this before completing the test, you are a loser and will undoubtedly spend the rest of your life spoiling the fun for everyone including *yourself.*

2. Total your scores. Do not cheat.

A. Since each passing year offers you more punishment for your guilt, you may divide your total by your age. Do not lie about your age.

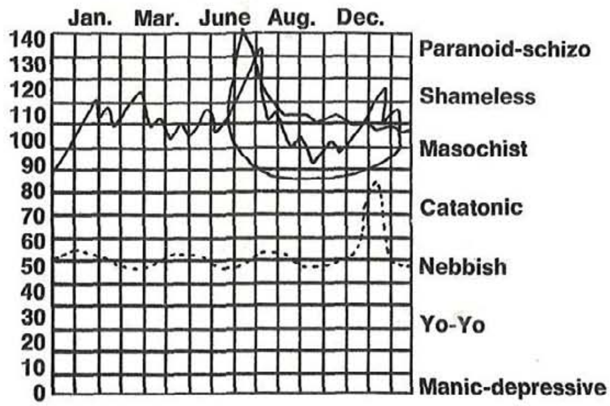
B. Multiply this figure by the number of parents you have neglected. If you have always felt neglected through no fault of your own, you may divide by 1.

Puerto Ricans are requested to complete this section in the presence of witnesses.

Formula:

$$GQ = \frac{\frac{\text{Total}}{\text{Age}} \times \text{Parents}}{1}$$

3. Fill out the graph, and compare your performance with the examples we have provided.



NATIONAL AVERAGE obtained by interviewing three Lansing, Mich., shoe salesmen.

RECORD GUILT SCORE established by liberal arts students at Brandeis University.

4. If your GQ is above 100, proceed immediately to the **Atonement Kit,** which we have conveniently provided for your redemption.

A. If your GQ is between 30 and 70, you are an Average Joe and very boring. This alone should make you fel guilty enough to raise your total to 100.

B. If your GQ is below 30, you are that psychological rarity — a guilt-free individual and have no further need of us. Congratulations, hypocrite.

ATONEMENT KIT

This kit has been fully tested by our research assistants, Marie-José Monty and Anne Beatts. It may be used in the comfort and privacy of your own home.

A. PAYING YOUR DUES

As you have already seen in the *Fine Art of Guilt* section, many formal organizations have been founded for the purpose of providing fast, effective relief from guilt. Money is all it takes.

Select the organizations that best answer your personal guilt needs, and *start passing the buck today.*

NAACP
UNICEF
PTA
ASPCA
USO
AA
CORE
CARE
American Cancer Society
Ecology Action
Peace Corps
Gay Liberation Front
Synanon
United Jewish Appeal
Catholic Charities
Bureau of Internal Revenue
Brotherhood of Christians and Jews
College of your choice
Church of your choice
Dictatorship of your choice

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B. DAILY EXORCISES

Any of the following, when practiced only 15 minutes a day, will help assuage your guilt and prevent bullies from kicking sand in your face:

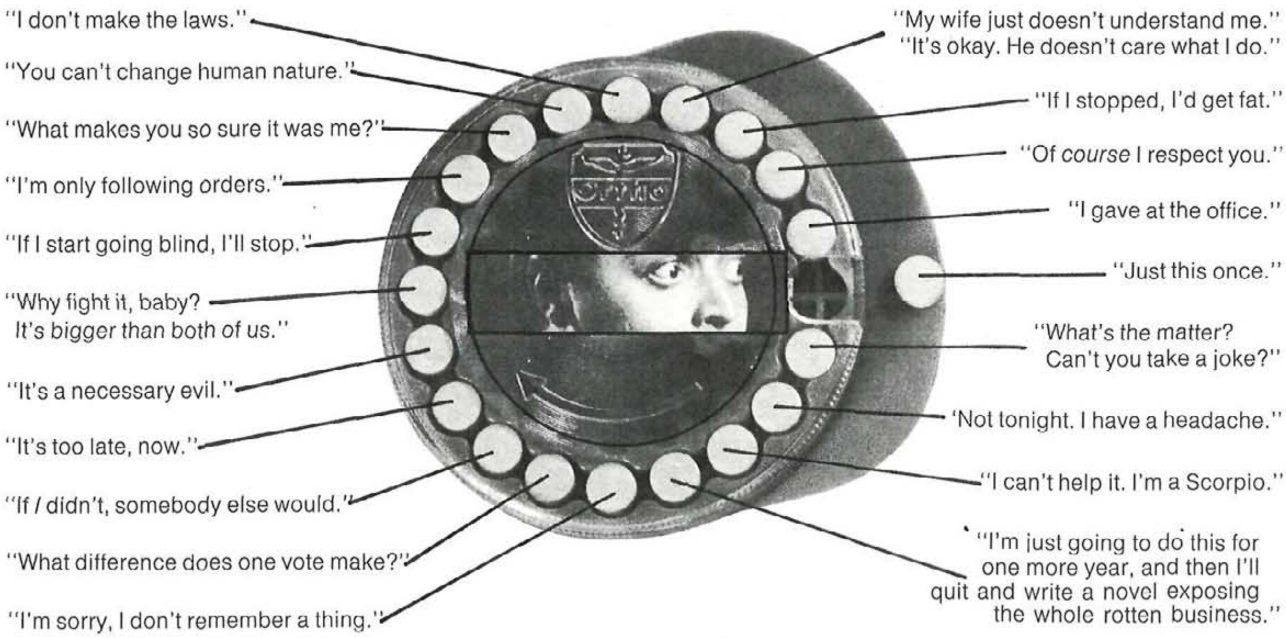
Gift wrap your garbage.
Read the editorial page first.
Take a cold shower.
Boycott Axion.
Eat your crusts.
Make a dental appointment.
Finish reading *Exodus.*
Watch educational TV.
Respect the flag.
Clean the oven.
Answer that letter.
Have your tires rotated.
Brush up and down, not sideways.
Attend a school play.
Call your wife or husband by name.
Give spare change to a freak.
Finish high school.
Finish college.
Finish your thesis.
Visit the botanical gardens.
Throw out your odd socks.
Eat humble pie.

At this point, Ukrainians need no longer pretend to understand all these big words and may turn back to the comics section of this magazine.

C. VOCAL ANESTHETICS

By far the most effective way of dealing with guilt is to nip it in the bud — to rationalize it out of existence the moment you begin to feel guilty about anything.

The following phrases have been culled from the proverbs and incantations of one of the world's great religions — Copping Out. Use them often.



If guilt persists, Catholics are advised to see a priest; Protestants, to consult a psychiatrist; and Jews, to change psychiatrists.

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BY TONY HENDRA

It's Not How Long You Make it, It's How You... Oh, Forget it.



Please. Tell me. I'm curious."

"It really doesn't matter. I've never known it to make any difference."

"You've had that much experience?"

"Yes, I have. And I've never come across anyone who wasn't worried about it."

"I'm not worried about it. I just want to know. Objectively. It interests me."

"Oh, come on. You're not being objective about it. You're just like all the others. You're worried about yours. You have to compare."

"Well — all right. I suppose in a way I am talking about mine. But I'm not worried about it. I know I give satisfaction. I know what I can do. I just want to know for . . . future reference."

"With who? I thought you were committed to me."

"I am. But the information might come in handy. It crops up from time to time in conversation."

"Well, I don't have any feelings either way. It's entirely a matter of the way it affects me. If it's good, it's good — if it's bad, it's bad. I don't stop to measure or weigh."

"Weigh!"

"Count, then. What I mean is, I just sit back and let it happen. If I feel good afterward — it's good."

"That seems very passive. Surely you have to bring something to it?"

"Naturally. It's a two-way thing. But what I bring to it isn't a rule of thumb, for Christ's sake."

"There has to be some standard."

"Wrong. It's style that counts."

"Yes, but what about thoroughness? Depth? Really getting into it? Exploring corners, new subtleties?"

"I can only tell you that none of it has to do with length. I don't stop to think before, during or after about length."

"You're better than most, then."

"Yes, I am. You've said that yourself. That's why you come to me."

"True. But it still worries me. Explain that."

"Vanity. You just want some kind of impersonal yardstick — like length — that will make it possible for you to say, 'Look, I'm better than you.' "

"Actually, I don't think that's true."

"That's silly, of course it's true. If I hadn't seen lots of others, how would I know that length doesn't matter?"

"Are you saying that it did matter to you once?"

"Yes, of course. When you're starting out, length can be very impressive. But you find yourself getting bored halfway through. You say to yourself, 'This guy is trying to get to me with sheer size and weight.' "

"You keep mentioning weight."

"It's an old joke. You pick it up in one hand and then grade it good, bad or indifferent on how much it seems to weigh."

"Does anyone really do that?"

"Not me."

"Ah, but people do. You see, in the subconscious, length or weight or size or whatever is still important."

"Some people would rather have a Volvo than a Cadillac, or a fresh oyster over a pound of steak."

"So, now you're saying that you prefer smallness, right?"

"Not at all. I'm saying that I prefer the Volvo and fresh oyster because they have more style than the Cadillac and the pound of steak."

"Okay. But with that sophistication — having gone through all the earlier stages — you must know roughly what the standard is."

"There is no standard. Either you're concerned with pleasing me, or you're concerned with being longer than all the others that get plonked in my lap."

"What about when you get style and length combined?"

"No difference. Style is independent of length."

". . . You're not going to tell me, are you?"

"I can't."

"Well, is this long enough?"

"Let me see. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10 . . . 11 . . . 12 . . . —"

"I can make it longer, if you like."

"No need. 13 . . . 14 . . . Now, that's exactly what I mean. It's right. It's perfect."

"It is?"

"Yes. I can sell this in a minute."

"Really?"

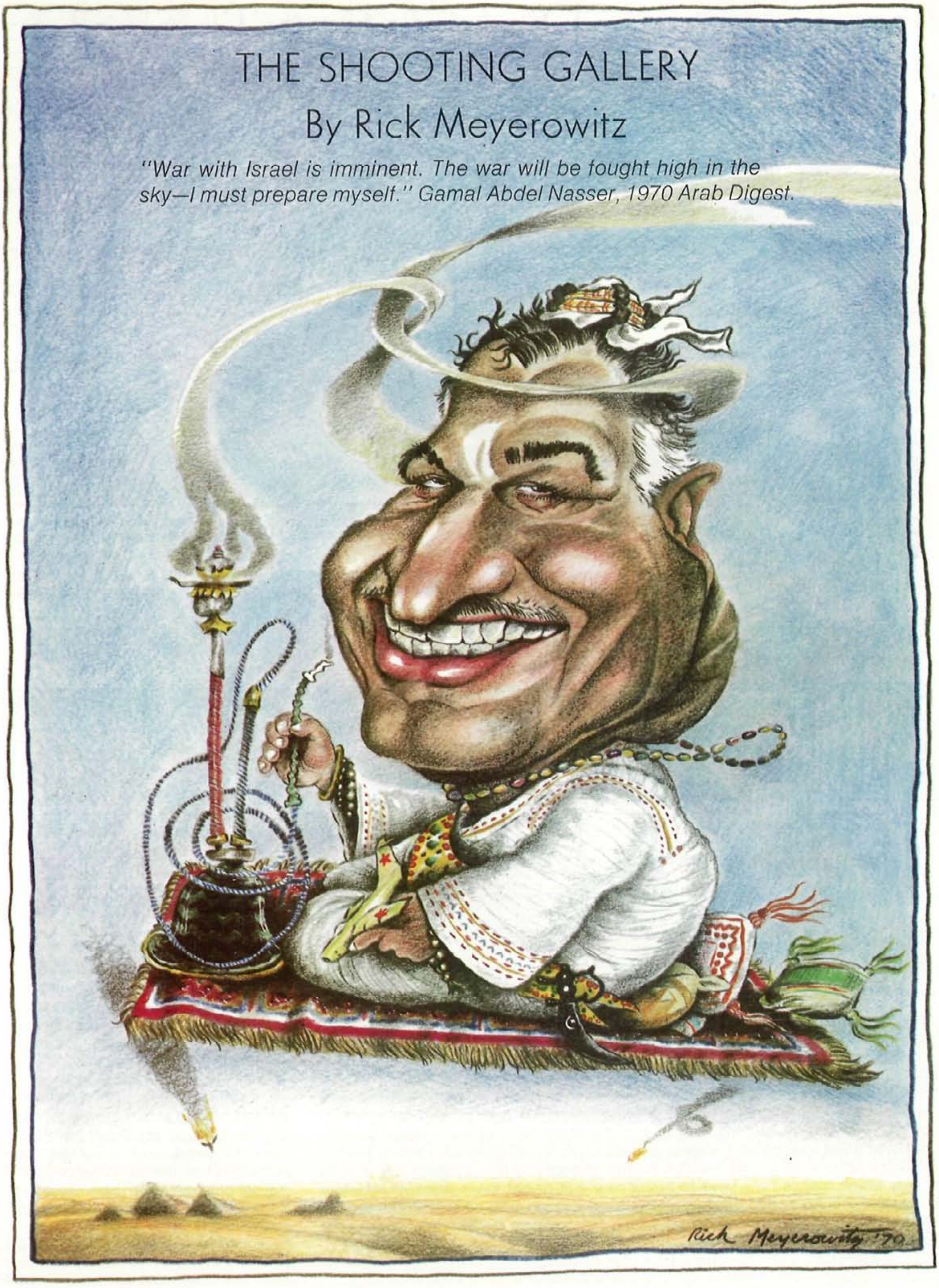
"Sure. It's neither too long nor too short. This says everything you have to say about the subject in precisely 481 words." □

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THE SHOOTING GALLERY

By Rick Meyerowitz

"War with Israel is imminent. The war will be fought high in the sky—I must prepare myself." Gamal Abdel Nasser, 1970 Arab Digest.



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Disquieting Thoughts

By Michael O'Donoghue



WHEN DRIVING A VOLKSWAGEN — Here you are, whizzing along a busy freeway at 60 mph in an automobile built by a country we fought and defeated a scant 25 years ago. BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR KNEES! The scars of war heal slowly, which raises some disturbing questions: Was the family of the mechanic who installs the delicate steering mechanism wiped out in the bombing of Dresden? If so, did he perhaps "forget" a bolt or two, knowing the car was meant for an American market? Or was the wife of someone on the assembly line raped and strangled by Audie Murphy? If so, what parts is he responsible for? . . . The brakes, maybe? Needless to say, the above works equally for Karmann-Ghia, Porsche, Mercedes and, by simply substituting "loved ones cremated at Nagasaki," Toyota, Datsun, et cetera. A true paranoid can even make it work for Rolls-Royces!



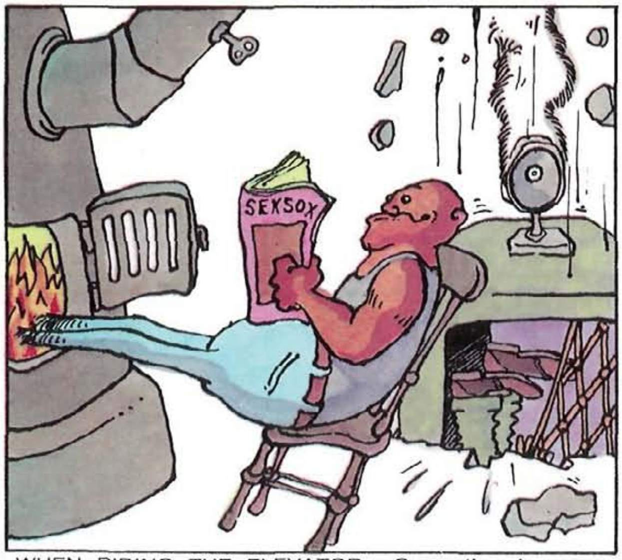
WHEN FLYING — You know what a goof-off you are at your job . . . how you often foul up, kid around, daydream, and generally make a mess of things. You sometimes wonder how, if everybody were like you, anything would ever get done. Well, in reality, everybody *is* like you . . . even the flight controller who's tracking your plane at this very moment. Or, rather, who *should* be tracking your plane but the guy who usually does it hasn't come in yet because he's got a terrific migraine headache so another guy is filling in who's kind of new on the job and isn't too familiar with the board but that really doesn't matter since he's not looking at it anyway because he's thinking about a run-in he had with his father-in-law and besides he just dropped a hot cigarette ash on his pants which means he'll have to buy a new suit or get these rewoven which is a hassle and expensive as if he didn't have enough bills what with the broken dishwasher and the cat has to go to the vet because it threw up all over the couch and . . .



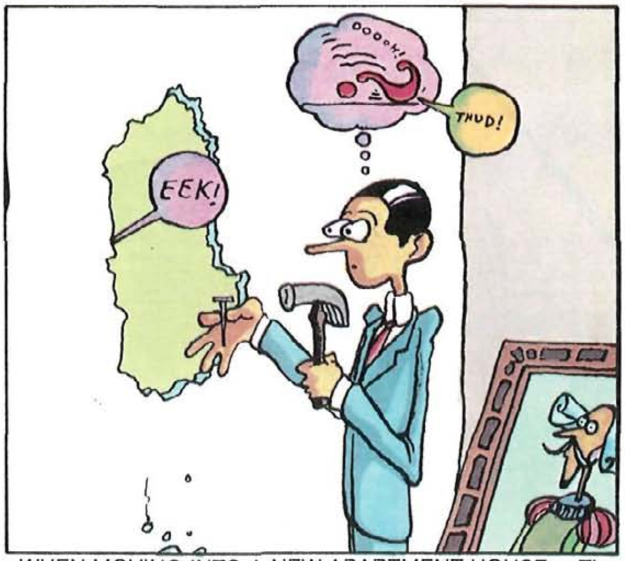
WHEN ATTENDING A PLAY — Waiting for the curtain to go up, you glance over your program, the houselights dim and . . . well, are the houselights really dimming *or are you going blind?* You won't be sure until the stagelights go up. It seems a bit ridiculous to ask the person next to you if the lights actually dimmed, so you'll just have to sit tight and sweat it out. And what if you went blind *at the exact moment* the houselights dimmed? How would you know? Would you finally decide that no company is so avant-garde as to give the first half hour of *The Gazebo* in total darkness? Or would you wait until the intermission, just to make certain? . . .

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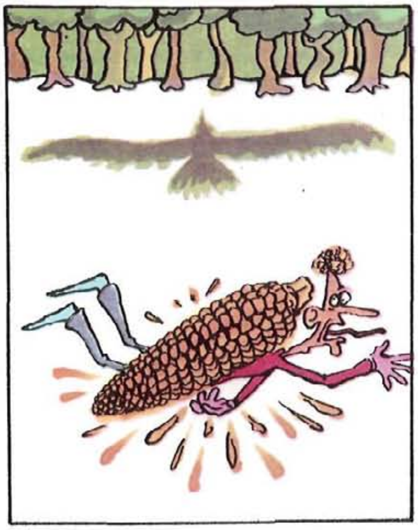
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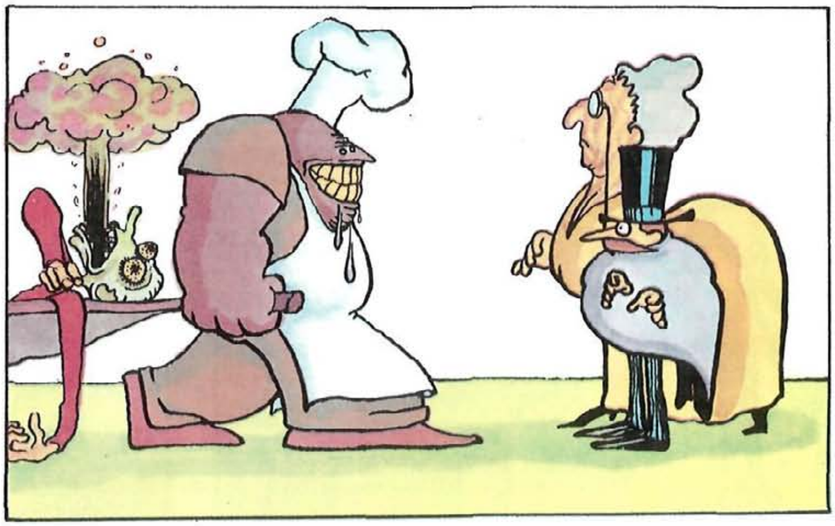
WHEN RIDING THE ELEVATOR — Corruption is everywhere! Everybody's on the take! Nothing oils the machinery like buttering up a greasy palm! And we've all had a hand in paying off somebody: a cop, a judge, a clerk, a housing inspector . . . somebody. But what about the elevator inspectors? Do they live in 30-room Tudor mansions and drive limousines and send their kids to Groton, all on a salary of $6,500 per? How do they do it? . . . By overlooking a few frayed wires or corroded cables, perhaps? If this sounds silly, just consider that everyone has his price and that of elevator inspectors is probably lower than most.



WHEN MOVING INTO A NEW APARTMENT HOUSE — The Mafia is presently turning "black" money into "white" money; that is to say, they're taking money from illicit practices such as dope peddling and the rackets, and investing it in legitimate businesses such as *construction!* Chances are the very building you're moving into was overseen by Vinnie "Two-Fingers" Antonelli himself! In light of the Mafia's traditional respect for human life, imagine the quality of the materials that went into your building. Picture what the fireproofing between the walls must be, for example. Picture the foundation, made from a low-grade cement used mostly to keep bodies on river bottoms and impervious to everything except sudden temperature changes and rain. Actually, considering what goes into these buildings, it's amazing they stand up as long as they do! Building codes? Well, since "Two-Fingers" is a personal friend of the mayor, one might assume the codes weren't as strict as they could have been. . . .

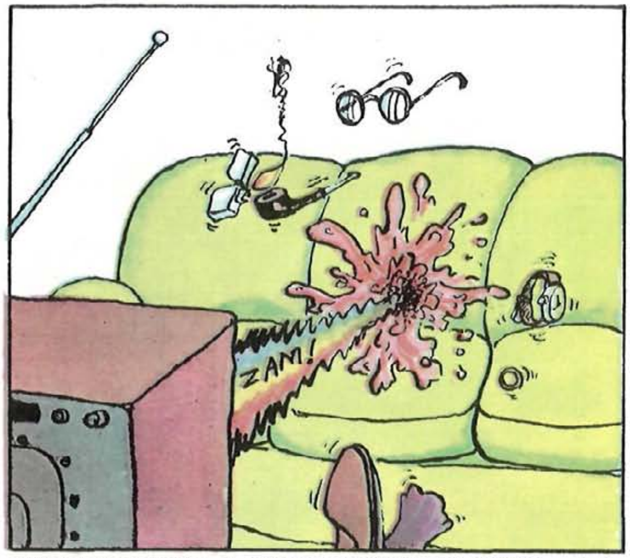


WHEN STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK — Most parks have a statue or two, benches, flowers, a cannon, an Honor Roll of W.W.I and W.W.II dead, a few winos, *and lots and lots of pigeons!* Living in the city, one sees thousands of pigeons each day . . . but have you ever seen a baby pigeon? No? Ask around and you'll soon realize that no one has ever seen a baby pigeon. No one! *Not even once!* Then, consider this: Perhaps the pigeons you see are the babies. The fully-matured pigeons are HUGE with wingspans up to 11 feet, eating whole Buttercorns in a single bite, carrying off Puerto Rican babies in their claws. . . .



WHEN DINING OUT — Here you are at a fancy restaurant, about to dig into some haute cuisine. Sure, the food's expensive, but you pull down 20-thou a year and don't mind springing for a big tab. Not just anybody could afford to dine in a fancy restaurant like this . . . certainly not the kitchen help who barely earn enough to feed themselves on oatmeal and Spam in their shabby cold-water flats. Is it possible these have-nots might feel some slight resentment toward a big spender such as yourself? If so, how might they vent their bitterness? Surely, the rascals wouldn't do anything *disgusting* to your food and then have a big laugh behind your back! It's unlikely, but you might do well to carefully examine your chocolate mousse or *oysters a l'andalouse* before taking that first bite. . . .

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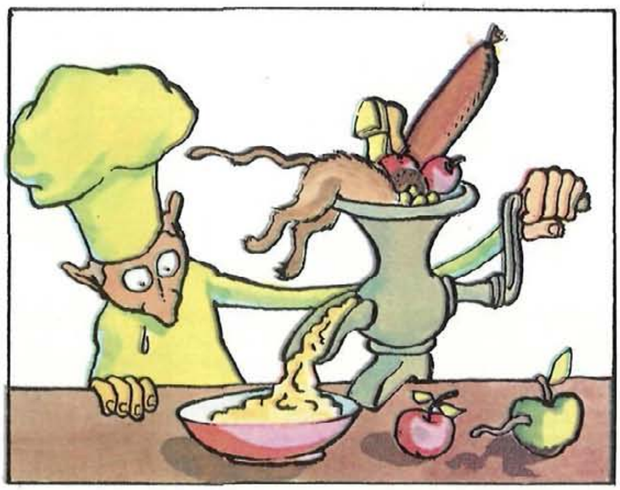
WHEN SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME — Just ask yourself this important question: "Is my color television set properly shielded?" You don't really know, do you? After all, it's not like you're one of those "repair-TV-sets-&-earn-extra-cash-in-your-spare-time" types. And if you were one of those "repair-TV-sets-&-earn-extra-cash-in-your-spare-time" types, even *they* don't own Geiger counters. And if you could determine that your set was properly shielded, what about your neighbor's set? Is deadly radiation seeping into your "castle"? Is your home bombarded daily with weird ions that are making you sterile, killing your dog and turning your children into sideshow freaks? Probably not! You can dismiss the above as rank alarmism because Ralph Nader had all those defective sets recalled and properly shielded. But what if your neighbor *deliberately removed his shield* just to get back at you! Have you ever had a fight with your neighbor? And how would you ever know? Well, you might get suspicious when your feet began to glow in the dark, but by then, of course, it would be too late. . . .



WHEN DRIVING — Do you realize that (according to the Allstate Insurance Company): "One of the next 50 drivers coming your way is drunk. Not drinking—drunk." And what about those kids hopped up on goof-balls in stolen cars? You know how many accidents they're supposed to cause! And then there are drivers asleep at the wheel, drivers whose minds are on getting their kid brother a haircut, drivers who harbor an unconscious death wish, epileptic drivers, insecure drivers who speed to bolster their masculinity, legally blind drivers who keep renewing their licenses through outdated motor vehicle laws, or whatever. . . . Combine this with all those millions of defective automobiles that Detroit issues each year and the odds against your avoiding a head-on collision with one of the next 50 cars coming your way is about equal to the odds against breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.



WHEN SEEING YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN — A little something that may have slipped your mind is that doctors only need to get 70% of the questions right to pass! Wouldn't it be interesting to know if your doctor was an A+ or a C— student? Did he flunk "Heart" or "Liver"? Or did he pull straight A's . . . *by cheating!* Here's a useful rule of thumb to help you judge your doctor's qualifications: "If he were any good, he'd be a specialist!"



WHEN EATING APPLESAUCE OR DRINKING CIDER — It goes without saying that they don't use the very best apples to make applesauce or cider. . . .

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THE SECRET FILE OF GEORGE LATHROP

BY JOHN WEIDMAN



The brokerage firm of Wallaby, Cruikshank, and Root takes pleasure in announcing the appointment of Mr. George Lathrop of Greenwich, Conn., to the office of vice-president. Mr. Lathrop has been with Wallaby, Cruikshank, and Root for the past seven years serving as executive director in charge of minor industrials and relatively obscure securities.

George Lathrop. A man on his way to the top. A successful man with no reason to suspect anything but continued success in the future. Or so he thinks.

But none of us is perfect. None of us has led a life unsullied by simple human errors. And, in our contemporary world, when a man makes a mistake, someone writes it down. And files it away. Just in case.

We're all familiar with the infamous "secret files" of the FBI and the CIA. But why assume that these are the only people keeping tabs on us? After all, for $8.75, *anybody* can buy a filing cabinet and a padlock.

Right, George?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GOLD

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Office of the Principal, Cumsqueezit Elementary School
Westport, Conn.

May 8, 1942

Miss Dandridge,

Enclosed is a note Mr. Sapster intercepted during yesterday's recess. Please see to it that it is passed on to Linda Lou and have four carbons made for our files. Make no mention of this event to Georgie, and file the original for future reference.

Henry Spencer

Principal

P.S. Call Georgie's father and suggest that he might be interested in donating the ice-cream sandwiches for next week's field day.



Linda Lou,
i think Miss Dandridge saw us behind the bushes clapping our erasers together after school. if you tattletale, i'm going to punch your Face.
Georgie



September 16, 1946

Mr. Frederick Knowland
President
Boy Scouts of America

Dear Mr. Knowland:

I am passing along to you the achievement record of one of my Scouts. I thought you might want to file it for possible use at some future date.

Samuel Stevens
Leader, Troop 318
Westport, Conn.

Troop 318
Westport, Conn.

Scout: George Lathrop
Merit Badges awarded, 1943 - 1945:

1. Basket weaving
2. Butterfly collecting
3. Cooking
4. Homemaking
5. Needlepoint
6. Flower Arranging

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...Cann
...dent
...avee

Stinky:

...ight one of our pledges, a turkey named ...ot plastered and led a one-man panty raid ...nvent down the street. ...hauled him off the balcony before the cops ...him, but we also got some great pictures of ...ging at the nuns. Maybe they'll come in during the centennial fund drive.

Gola-boppa-woo,

Hacker Henderson
Chapter Chairman

Selective Service System
Local Board #27
Stamford, Conn.

REPORT OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

Date: *January 26, 1955*

Inductee: George Lathrop, Selective Service #25 3 27 408

Classification: 4-F

Explanation: Draftee demonstrated an inability to urinate on command and burst into tears when informed that we would require a blood sample.

Comments: Wait to see if the creep makes it big, then dress up the report with black lace underwear, a gross tattoo, etc., and send it to Benny at Confidential for our usual rates.



Mr. Bismarck Fenton
President
Name-Your-Claim Insurance Co.
Hartford, Conn.

May 20, 1960

Dear Mr. Fenton:

In completing my investigation of the fire damage to the Greenwich residence of George Lathrop (claim #68442), I made some interesting discoveries. The package I am forwarding to you contains the charred remains of The Complete Speeches of Georgi Malenkov, what's left of an autographed picture of Norman Thomas, and in intact pamphlet, which I found under the sofa, entitled Herb Philbrick: Ten Ways to Spot Him and Three Numbers to Call When You Do.

I recommend we hold these in case Lathrop should file any future claims.

Yours,

Leonard Binns
Claims Investigator



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Hertz Rent-A-Car
Greenwich, Conn.

August 1, 1962

Report on Returned Rental:

Automobile: 1961 Chevrolet Impala

Lessee: Mr. George Lathrop

Comments: Mr. Lathrop returned the car at 8 AM, Sunday, July 30. In the back seat were found a woman's garter belt, an empty bottle of Scotch, and a book entitled 101 Ways to Sexual Happiness, with Diagrams. Diagram #73 had been ripped out and taped to the back of the front seat.

Recommendation: Photograph the car and save the prints.

16 July 1964

Mr. Francis DuPont
President
Waspwood Country Club
Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Frank:

I played a round of golf with Lathrop,
our new members, yesterday afternoon. On the
tee, he sliced his drive into the woods, and I
tinctly heard him mutter "oi vay." Let's file t
letter and keep an eye on him.

Harrison LeVine

Harrison LeVine
Chairman
Membership Committee

DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION
GREENWICH, CONN.

REFUSE ANALYSIS REPORT

DATE: October 4, 1968

SUBJECT: Mr. George Lathrop

ACTION: Lathrop's garbage has been under surveillance for several weeks. Last week, samples were taken for intensive analysis.

FINDINGS: Routine refuse mixed with a number of "Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law" furniture tags; cigar end analyzed as being made from Cuban tobacco; coffee grounds wrapped in last month's issue of LUST magazine.

DISPOSITION: File and wait and see.



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May 13, 1970

Mr. Fritz Warton
District Supervisor
Southern Connecticut Telephone Co.

Dear Mr. Warton:

Our standard monitoring devices picked up a series of interesting conversations between a George Lathrop and a Mrs. Mary Cruikshank of Manhattan. Mary Cruikshank's husband appears to be Lathrop's boss.

The pattern looks familiar, but we're holding off any action for now. Will file and keep you posted.

Laurence E. Jones

Laurence Jones
Long Distance Monitor
Stamford, Conn.



Dear MOM,
Last Night after YOU went to bed, daddy had four drinks of whiskey, played the TV real loud, and put his feet up on the coffee table. Billy and I made a copy of this letter and we're going to put it in our folder on daddy.
Love, Stevie



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THE DAY SATURN CRASHED INTO THE EARTH

BY CRAD KILODNEY

A Story For Which the World is, At Last, Prepared

It was a cool, clear night at the observatory and Lance Strong expected nothing out of the ordinary – just a routine night of taking spectrographs, aided by his pretty assistant, Valerie La Rue.

"How's the work going?" asked Valerie, putting her hand on Lance's shoulder.

He smiled, still looking into the telescope. "Just fine. Von Schlecten will really like this series."

"Saturn's up. Can we take a look at it?"

"Sure." The young astronomer swung the telescope around, centering the crosshairs of the finder on Saturn's glowing orb. "There. Take a look."

Valerie gazed into the telescope at the beautiful spectacle. "Those are the second most beautiful rings in the universe."

"Second? Second to what?"

"Second to the diamond engagement rings in the jewelry store in town," she said, looking at him.

Lance could not help blushing slightly, and tried to hide it by putting his eye to the telescope. "Come on. My turn," he said. He forced himself to concentrate on the planet in the field of view, hanging amid a background of twinkling stars. It was then that he noticed something. "Wait a minute."

The gravity of his voice stiffened Valerie. "What is it?"

"Saturn's out of position."

She laughed. "That's ridiculous!"

He looked at the setting circles of the telescope, which indicated right ascension and declination. "It's off by a full degree! Valerie! Saturn has left its orbit . . . *and it's heading straight for Earth!"*

A door opened behind them and an elderly male voice said, "Well, good evening, you two!" But immediately he sensed their anxiety. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

Valerie began to sob uncontrollably while Lance held her in his virile, muscular arms. "Professor Von Schlecten!" he said. "Look in the telescope!"

The portly, balding professor bent over and peered into the eyepiece, alternating his gaze between the planet, the position indicators and the calendar on the wall. "Hmm," was all he said, looking away. He reached into his coat pocket, took out his pipe and lit it. Tensely, Lance and Valerie awaited his opinion. His downcast eyes did not leave his scuffed brown shoes as he said, "This may have shattering impact to our civilization. You'd better get the Army."

"Come on, Valerie. We'll go in my car!"

Lance and Valerie dashed to the parking lot. His 1952 Pontiac grunted, "Brrmmnngghhaaaaaah!" and they churned deliberately out to the highway. They rode swift as an arrow through the desert, the green cactus flitting past like phantoms. Valerie closed her eyes as the warm desert air flowed over her. Then Lance slowed the car to a stop, pulling off to the side of the road. "Come on, Valerie. Let's go behind that rock." They got out and walked behind the large rock and lay down on the ground.

Kissing her fiercely, his hands unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her bra. She murmured softly, "Take me, Lance." He unfastened her bra and let it drop, kissing and squeezing her voluptuous breasts. His fingers found the zipper of her skirt and removed the garment deftly. She offered her long legs to him and he removed her black nylons. Finally he took off her panties. She moaned, "Ohhh! Ahhh!" as he touched and kissed her all over. Then he took off his own clothes and his manhood was filled with eagerness. He dropped on top of her and she wrapped her legs around him. They oscillated gently like a resonant cosine and finally the volcano of his lust erupted. . . . They separated, exhausted. "You're nice," she said to him as he lit a cigarette.

They put on their clothes and ran back to his car. "I'd better call the professor on the radio-telephone," he said, picking up the mike. "Strong to Von Schlecten. Lance Strong calling Professor Von Schlecten."

A crackle of static, then, "Yes, Lance. I'm receiving you."

"Is Saturn still heading for the Earth?"

"Yes," answered the professor. "According to my calculations, it will crash in the state of North Dakota! You'd better hurry!"

"I will!" He put down the mike and started the car. They sped down the highway, the speedometer needle hovering dangerously over the 50. Lance turned on the radio. It crackled, then said, ". . . and it was rumored that Saturn might crash into the Earth. Residents are advised to stay in their homes." Lance turned it off.

He exhaled deeply. "So . . . they *know,"* he said. "There's bound to be a panic."

"Try not to worry," Valerie said, putting her hand on his. *"We* can save the world. I have *faith* in us." She looked mystically into the night sky where Saturn's golden orb loomed unusually large. The telephone poles whizzed past like mute scarecrows. The very air itself whispered of impending calamity.

Finally they reached Tremonton and drove straight to the main street. "Quick, we'll take the subway." They ran down the subway entrance and waited on the uptown platform under the glare of bare light bulbs.

Just then the local roared in, its gray, dirty cars filled with commuters. Lance looked at his watch. "It's five minutes late." He asked the conductor why the train was late. The conductor, his blue uniform soaked with perspiration, replied, "Since we heard about Saturn

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SKURSKI

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going to crash into the Earth, our transportation is in utter havoc!"

Lance and Valerie understood all too well. But they found a car that was empty and with a reasonably clean floor. As the train rolled off into the tunnel, they lay down.

Kissing her fiercely, his hands unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her bra. She murmured softly, "Take me, Lance." He unfastened her bra and let it drop, kissing and squeezing her voluptuous breasts. His fingers found the zipper of her skirt and removed the garment deftly. She offered her long legs to him and he removed her black nylons. Finally he took off her panties. She moaned, "Ohhh! Ahhh!" as he touched and kissed her all over. Then he took off his own clothes and his manhood was filled with eagerness. He dropped on top of her and she wrapped her legs around him. They oscillated gently like a resonant cosine and finally the volcano of his lust erupted. . . . They separated, exhausted. "You're nice," she said to him as he lit a cigarette.

They put on their clothes and sat looking out the window at the concrete wall inches away. "If you watch the stone tiles speeding past, you almost get hypnotized," Lance said in a rare moment of poetic vision.

She smiled. "Yes, that's very true." Together they watched them speeding past like so many tiles on a Scrabble board, spelling out their fate . . . success, failure, or what? Five minutes later, the train arrived at the next station.

"We'll find a phone booth and call the professor," said Lance. As they ran along the platform, a portly old man stopped them. "Hey, why are you two running in such a hurry?"

Valerie looked at Lance. "He doesn't know yet!"

"Listen," Lance said to him, "sell your stocks and get as far away from North Dakota as possible! The world may be coming to an end!"

The old man was petrified. "How do you know?"

"We're *scientists,* that's how we know! We're on our way to tell the Army right now!"

They left him there staring blankly in horror as they rushed to the nearest phone booth. He dropped a dime in and said to Valerie, "I hope the phones are still working." He dialed and was relieved to hear the professor's voice.

"Strong here, Professor. Is Saturn still heading for the Earth?"

There was anxiety in the professor's voice. "Yes. It is looming closer at each moment! My latest calculations show that it will strike Oliver County in North Dakota!"

"Have there been any official announcements to the public?"

"Yes, Lance. They're trying to reassure everyone that things are under control. Dr. Mendel of Harvard has told the press that there's nothing to worry about, that Saturn will *miss* the Earth by *six miles."*

"Mendel's a fool! We'll tell the Army personally!"

"Good. But hurry!"

"We will!" he said and hung up.

They ran up the stairs and reached street level. "Valerie, would you like a frozen custard?"

"Yes, thanks," she said. "I'm really bushed."

He bought two double vanillas at a snack concession outside of an amusement park. He gulped his custard quickly, but Valerie was sort of tonguing hers lasciviously. "Hey, a Ferris wheel," she said. "How about it?"

"Okay," said Lance, appreciating the irony in a ferrous wheel. "It ll give us a chance to unwind." They climbed into a large car, big enough for four people, with leg room. The wheel began to move.

"Gosh, this is fun," she said.

"Yes, it is."

Suddenly the wheel jammed, leaving them at the top.

"Uh! Oh!" said Lance. "We'll be stuck up here until they fix it."

Valerie looked into his eyes. He looked into hers.

Kissing her fiercely, his hands unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her bra. She murmured softly, "Take me, Lance." He unfastened her bra and let it drop, kissing and squeezing her voluptuous breasts. His fingers found the zipper of her skirt and removed the garment deftly. She offered her long legs to him and he removed her black nylons. Finally he took off her panties. She moaned, "Ohhh! Ahhh!" as he touched and kissed her all over. Then he took off his own clothes and his manhood was filled with eagerness. He dropped on top of her and she wrapped her legs around him. They oscillated gently like a resonant cosine and finally the volcano of his lust erupted. . . . They separated, exhausted. "You're nice," she said to him as he lit a cigarette.

They got dressed just as the attendant fixed the Ferris wheel and let everyone off.

As they started to run down the street, Valerie asked, "Where are we going now?"

"We'll have to take the ferry across the river. There may be some Army or Air Force people at the Civil Defense Headquarters."

When they got to the pier, however, they were surprised to see a great crowd around it. It was all chaos and havoc. It seemed like everyone wanted to get on the ferry. Forceful Lance Strong dragged Valerie behind him as he pushed his way through the crowd with manly assertion. He grabbed the ferry captain's arm. "What's going on here?" he shouted.

"Ach! Dey ist all in panic!" answered the captain in a distinct Bosnian accent. "On de news it zaid dat zince Zaturn vass approachink de Earth, de entire U.S. ist gettink radioactive, zo eferyone's tryink to cross de river!"

"No wonder," muttered Lance to Valerie.

"To get to the other side," she added, her eyes glowing with understanding.

"We must get on!" he exclaimed to the captain. "We're scientists and we must tell the Army!" The captain allowed them on, holding back the overflowing crowd. As the ferry slowly churned away from the pier, Lance and Valerie stood by the railing, looking bleakly at the doom-filled sky. Lance noticed a young Oriental standing next to him who happened to be a graduate student in physics at Marymount College. He tapped him on the shoulder. "Look," he said, pointing upwards. "Keep a sharp lookout on the sky. Watch for radioactivity."

The man replied increduously, "So des-ka?" then nodded. "Hai!" he said and stood stone still looking upwards.

Lance and Valerie headed for the radio room, finding the captain there. "May we use your shortwave radio to call our observatory?"

"Zertainly," said the captain.

Lance called Professor Von Schlecten, who answered immediately.

"Professor, what news have you?"

"According to my calculations, Saturn will strike the town of Yucca in Oliver County, North Dakota, in just a few hours!"

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "We haven't much time! Over and out."

Valerie's lips trembled with fear. "Oh, I'm so scared," she wailed. And almost at that instant, a roar of excited shouts came from the passengers. Looking out, Lance and Valerie witnessed an astounding phenomenon. Thousands of fish were jumping up from the water.

"They must sense something is wrong!" said Valerie.

Just then the ferry rolled steeply as large waves began to travel up the river. "It's a tidal disturbance caused by Saturn's magnetism! The world's tides and weather will be in chaos and havoc!"

The captain of the ferry fought desperately to keep it afloat in the pounding surf. The ship rocked back and forth. The waves were 20 feet high. The

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wind howled and a heavy rain began. The river heaved wildly. Lance held Valerie and said, "It's Man against the elements!" Finally, the ferry reached the other side of the river, where the dock workers lashed her down. The rain had ceased. Staggering off, Lance said to Valerie, "We may have survived *this* time, but the elements will strike again."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"An element never forgets," he replied. "Come on!"

They soon found the local Civil Defense Headquarters crowded with uniformed men giving orders, countermanding orders, revising orders. Among them, two figures dominated the scene – an Army general and an Air Force general.

Lance and Valerie ran up to them. "I have something important to tell you! Saturn is going to hit the Earth!"

General "Bull" Durham of the Army looked at them. "How's that? Nonsense!"

"Look, we're astronomers from the nearby observatory. Believe us!"

"Our information is that Saturn will miss by six miles. Can you prove otherwise?"

Lance stared him in the eye and said, "$1 < (k-1)!c_0 \quad (c_4 k_{\mu-1})^{r(\log r)^2} + (c_4 k c_5)^{r(\log) r)^2} \leq |u_j| (r_j!)^{-1}$"

General Durham looked at General Eagleton of the Air Force. "That's more in your line, George. What do you think?"

"What about the perturbation factor of the moon's gravity?" Eagleton said to Lance with the slightest hint of a sneer.

"$h_2(z) = exp\ (\frac{1}{2}\pi\ e^{it} + z\ k(t)\ dt)\pi^2$ exp $(-\frac{1}{2}\ e^{it} + z\ k(t)$," Lance said.

Eagleton looked at Durham. "For the love of Mike. He's right!"

"Where will ground zero be?" queried Durham.

"Yucca, North Dakota," Lance responded.

"Hmm," Durham mused, looking at Eagleton. Eagleton's eyes brightened.

"The ABM! That's where we have the ABM's! Hot diggity! Them Pentagon boys sure know how to plan things!"

"Then we can still save the Earth," said Lance. "Send up all your ABM's and maybe you can *vaporize* Saturn!"

"Vaporize it?"

"Sure. Saturn's made mostly of frozen gases. It's like a big *snowball.*"

"I'll give the orders right away!" said Eagleton.

The officers scurried off, leaving Lance and Valerie standing out in the town square. Lance looked at her. There was a look of contrition in her eyes. "What's wrong, Valerie?" he asked.

"Oh . . . I was thinking." She looked at him. "What if there are *people* on Saturn? It isn't right to destroy them. Think of all that we could learn from them if we only tried to communicate!"

Lance put his arm around her. "I know how you feel," he said, looking up at Saturn, now the size of a basketball at arm's length. "But we have no choice. It's either them or us."

She nodded. They walked slowly down the street, arm in arm, until they reached a deserted comfort station. "I'll cheer you up," said Lance. Valerie's limpid eyes glowed with a sense of cosmic oneness.

Kissing her fiercely, his hands unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her bra. She murmured softly, "Take me, Lance." He unfastened her bra and let it drop, kissing and squeezing her voluptuous breasts. His fingers found the zipper of her skirt and removed the garment deftly. She offered her long legs to him and he removed her black nylons. Finally he took off her panties. She moaned, "Ohhh! Ahhh!" as he touched and kissed her all over. Then he took off his own clothes and his manhood was filled with eagerness. He dropped on top of her and she wrapped her legs around him. They oscillated gently like a resonant cosine and finally the volcano of his lust erupted. . . . They separated, exhausted. "You're nice," she said to him as he lit a cigarette.

They dressed and stepped out into the street again. It was then that they saw it . . .

"Look, Lance! The missiles!"

Several hundred glowing threads of golden exhaust climbed into the sky toward the ringed planet. Valerie gripped his arm in anticipation as the missiles flew closer and closer. "Any second now," said Lance. "Any second."

Then, before their eyes, the threads of fire reached the outer fringes of Saturn's cloudy atmosphere, penetrating and disappearing, followed a moment later by the blinding flashes of light as their nuclear warheads detonated. The whole planet seemed to gush itself out in an enormous cloud of vapor a half million miles across, its death knell sounding in the ineluctable shock wave that followed. Midday seemed to turn to twilight as hissing gases covered the sky, blocking out the sun. Lance and Valerie stood entranced by the magnitude of the cataclysm, unable to speak until the last shock wave died out and was replaced by the rumble of thunder. They held each other's arms and looked deeply into one another's eyes, realizing that the whole world had been spared from annihilation.

"Sounds like a rainstorm," she said quietly.

"Guess so," he answered.

The rain began to fall in a warm shower, drenching the two of them, who stood exposed to it in silent reverie.

Valerie sniffed and wrinkled her nose. "Foof! Methane," she giggled. □



"It's just that right now a storewide clearance sale seems unimportant in the overall scheme of things."

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The Stupidity Test

If you're afraid you may be color blind or sexually inadequate or crazy as a loon, chances are you won't have too much trouble finding a test to allay or justify your fears. But where can you turn if you think you might be a little on the stupid side, shy a digit or two on your IQ or just plain slow? The old school records that could tell the story have been ground into the stuff they make houses and Perma Press pants out of, and even if your face has the telltale sand burns of a victim of the Beach Bully, it's not likely that anyone is going out of his way to let you in on the secret. Fortunately, this situation has now been remedied.

A team of first-rate educational authorities at a well-known university — its name can't be mentioned, but if you read matchbooks much, you'd probably recognize it — has put together a short, simple, foolproof Stupidity Test. Naturally, if you know you're stupid, don't take the test; it is not meant as some kind of cruel joke. On the other hand, if you feel that you may be on the borderline or need a little reassurance (those questions on the *G.E. College Bowl* certainly are puzzlers, aren't they . . .), here is the test for you.

As a special inducement to our readers, the *National Lampoon* has agreed to grade any tests sent in (for a mere $5.95 to cover postage, handling and the usual donation to the Neuristic Euphemia Foundation) and to enclose *free* with the results a one-year subscription to (check the answer which best finishes the sentence): *National Lampoon* ☐ *Collier's* ☐ *Better Homes and Greasetraps* ☐.

Good luck, and don't worry if you can't answer all the questions. As long as you score 11 or better, you're safe. (As a useful yardstick, Swiss kindergarten students average 12.)

QUESTIONS

1. How many cylinders are there in a V-8 engine? 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 8 ☐
2. What is a four-letter word meaning "to communicate with verbally"? talk ☐ converse ☐ chatter ☐
3. Pigs have snouts, dogs have muzzles, chickens have huge, slathering lips ☐ three rows of razor-sharp bicuspids ☐ a beak ☐
4. Who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin?* Harriet Beecher Stow ☐ Harriet Stowe-Beecher ☐ Harriet Beecher Hotplate ☐
5. Where was the Delphic Oracle, so cherished by the Ancient Greeks, located? Delphi, Greece ☐ Delft, Holland ☐ Philadelphia, Pa. ☐
6. In which famous play by Shakespeare does the following quotation appear? "Ho, is that not Henry the Fifth?" *Tristram Shandy* ☐ *Henry V* ☐ *She Stoops to Conquer* ☐
7. Who penned *The Loathsome Murther of Gonzago?*
8. Name the singer who first recorded "I'll be down to get your portfolio in a wheelbarrow, honey."
9. Who played opposite Clark Gable in MGM's film classic, *A Touch of the Tarbrush?*
10. While in Venice in 1935, Jean-Paul Sartre believed he was being pursued by a brace of triffids ☐ a gaggle of autograph hunters ☐ the president of the Gondoliers Association ☐
11. Name three novels of the 18th century in which horses die.
12. A spaceship travels to Proxima Centauri and returns in 4.7 years. Compute its velocity in furlongs per fortnight.
13. Make one word out of the following three words: SAT ON ICE
14. Art has a silo in which he stores corn. The silo is 60′ high with a radius of 110½′ and has a conical bottom with a cone angle of 41° to facilitate unloading. Assuming that corn kernels are irregular polyhedrons with sides of 2/50″ by 1/33″ by 4/57″, how much corn can Art store in his silo? (Hint: The silo is in Iowa.)

Send all entries to: Miss Mary Marshmallow
Stupidity Editor
c/o The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

The *National Lampoon* is pleased to announce the results of the 2d Annual Name That Duck Contest. The name chosen by the editors is MALLARD FILLMORE, and the lucky winners, each of whom will receive a one-year subscription to the Magazine of the Month (this month, the *National Lampoon*), are: J. P. Wassenick, Austin, Tex.; A. Cooke, Elizabeth, N.J.; T. Giraldes, Fresno, Calif.; and J. B. Carr, Amawalk, N.Y. Congratulations, and thinks for playing Name That Duck. ☐

!! COMING NEXT MONTH !!



Don't miss the *National Lampoon*'s gala unveiling of the biggest come-on since the Whore of Babylon strutted her stuff 'round Morty's All-Nite Hanging Gardens! Thrill to these following star-and-pastie-spangled articles:

College Concert Comix/Tunafish University in Doughnuthole, Neb., has kindly invited your group to play at the Homecoming Festival. Learn the best way of plugging your amp into a DC socket, what to order at the Jolly Coachman Inn, and how to get the super to unlock the gym.

Show Biz Confidential/Read the movie fanmag that features the sizzling story: *Dame Edith Evans and Paul Anka — How Long Can They Remain "Just Friends"?*

The Ultimate Ultimate Soopergroup/ They took a whippoorwill high on a hill plus Pete Best, Neil Sedaka, the Fifth Season and. . . . The inside dope on an out-there band that promises to make the Monkees look like the Monkees.

John and Yoko Unmasked/The odd couple goes Hawaiian.

20 Show Biz Jobs You Can Get/Want the tinsel and glitter of the entertainment industry but lack any particle of talent or attractiveness? Well, don't be discouraged. Nancy Sinatra wasn't.

The Movie They Said Couldn't Be Made/First you put your two knees wide apart, then you sway 'em to the left and. . . . Watch the scene-by-scene birth of the film that made the Swedes gasp. Yumpin' yimminy, Mr. Warhol!

A Funny Thing Happened to Me on the Way to the Gas Chamber/You've heard the stand-up comics and their monotonous patter for years, but you've never heard one like Shecky Speck. Name an atrocity, sickie Shecky's got a million one-liners.

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horrorscope, Rick's Shooting Gallery and a large number of last-minute space fillers!

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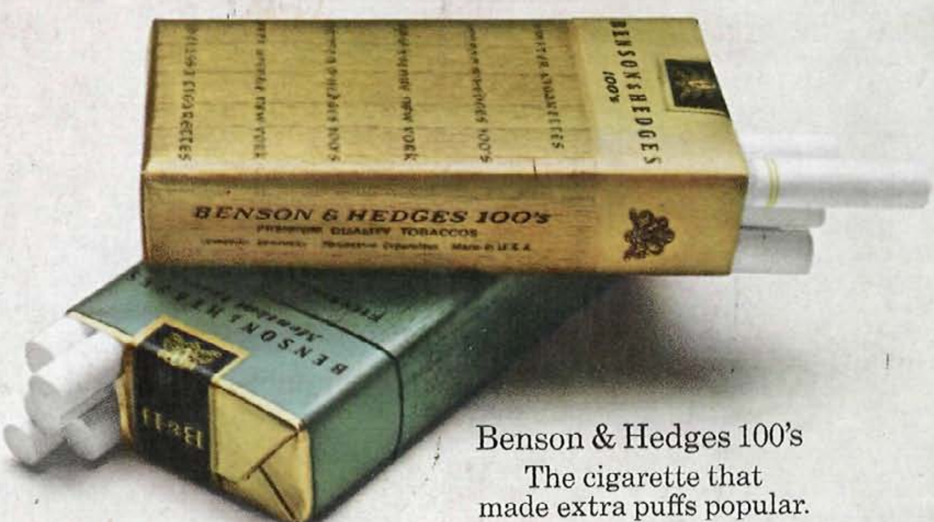
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*Also available on tape

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Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



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